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Chap. PR3991
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Inabil... an apo-
logy for... previous
to perus...

IN THE TITLE-PAGE.

Instead of Beyond Methunia's hopes, read, *Beyond, Methunias hopes.*

IN THE PREFACE.

Page 6, line 13, for on their hearts, read, *in their hearts.*

IN THE POEM.

Page 14, line the 3d, for mow, read, *mou*, a contraction for mouth.
15, 13th, for do. do.
16, 6th, for pluck't, read, *cheer'd.*
18, 3d, for here, read, *there.*
27, 9th, the interjection should be marked, *oh!*
29, 23d, for But, read, *And.*
30, 8th, for can, read, *should.*
44, 15th, for or, read, *nor.*
11th, strike out the word *on*, and mark the genitive case on *tenants'.*
46, 7th, for curs'd, read, *caus'd.*
47, 20th, for as before, read, *from your store.*
59, in the last line, read, *are*, instead of is.
60, 27th, for diabolical, read, *diabolic.*
61, 15th, for pension, read, *pensions.*
62, 10th, for libelling, read, *levelling.*
64, 2d, for Indians, read, *Indian's.*
78, 5th, the last word should be *steel.*
87, 3d, for flows, read, *flow.*
95, 2d, for sphere, read, *where.*
97, 22d, for us, and right, read, *as*, and *rights.*
101, 7th, for new, read, *now.*
27th, for Hence, read, *Thence.*
102, 12th, for value, read, *worth to.*
108, 13th, for burn, read, *bourn.*
110, 13th, for your, read, *our.*
116, 1st, for evident to see, read, *evidently seen.*
2d, for will be, read, *have been.*
118, 18th, read, *who, at reason's lessons rail.*
120, 22d, for not, read *nor.*
24th, for ends, read *end.*
121, 4th, for burn, read, *bourn.*
122, 13th, for know, read *gnaw.*
123, 1st, for Americans, read, *Americas.*
124, 21st, for do, read *to.*
125, 19th, for has, read, *have.*

THE

Maniacs,

OR

FANTASIA OF BOS BIBENS;

CHARACTERISTIC OF SOME OF THE

FANATICS,

WHO ARE CONSPIRING THE RUIN OF THEIR COUNTRY

AT HOME.

BY A WEST-INDIAN.

BEYOND METHUNIA'S HOPES.

1824

1824.

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PREFACE.

The sufferings of the British West-India Planters for many years past, and the base attempts of the Fanatics of the present day, to deprive them, without cause, not only of their properties, but of their lives; have drawn forth the following effusion from one of their number. It was originally begun for the purpose of meeting the eye of the Legislature of Jamaica, previous to the session of 1823, but the hand of affliction bore too heavily on the author to enable him to lay it before them, till long after their adjournment.

He deprecates, as the utmost degree of folly, every idea of opposition to the just and honourable pretensions of the Mother country; for *he* would be as mad as the fanatics themselves, who should think of resisting by physical means the absolute dictates of her will; but he candidly declares that he views with the utmost indignation and disgust, as well as his fellow colonists, the malicious and unfounded aspersions brought

against them by a set of unprincipled men, whose speeches, both in and out of parliament, prove them, and their parasite followers, to be the base promoters of bloodshed, destruction, and murder; rather than the disciples of that merciful Saviour, who preached peace and charity to all men; and whose name they prostitute to the vilest of purposes.

That the slaves (so denominated) should be set free, no individual West-India proprietor, would, for a moment object; provided it could be done with perfect security to the lives and properties of the white and coloured population—(the sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and more distant relatives of those very croakers who stimulate the slaves to murder and destroy them) but, to have their properties torn away, and their lives put in jeopardy at the instigation of such wretches; and that, without a shadow of fault on their part; is too much, even for slaves themselves to bear without a struggle to preserve them. Does the culprit who has outraged every principle of duty both to God and man, tamely submit to the lash of punishment? Does he not cry out against what he calls the persecutions of his enemies? And shall not they who are threatened without cause, and persecuted without reason,

complain? Surely they will; and that, so loudly that the world shall hear them.

Did all those *honourable gentlemen* who make such a stir about liberty! obtain the property they hold, by just and honourable means? So did the West-Indians. Nay! the very slaves they now hold, were not long ago, forced on them by the British government itself! not then, apparently, so tender hearted; but probably full as wise as now.

Are Englishmen's properties at home considered sacred in Englishmen's eyes? If so, and British West-Indians are considered as Englishmen, (which may almost be doubted from the conduct of their mother country) ought not their properties also to be held sacred? If not, it must be left to those who can, to declare the reason.

There are men of violent tempers and wicked propensities in every country and community on earth, and there would be no difficulty in pointing out, as great a proportion at least, of cruel, unrelenting, and murderous beings, even in England itself, as in any other country under heaven! were it necessary here to do so; but truth will soon predominate over lying and fanaticism, and the world be apprized of the nefarious system of those base calumniators who have raked the depths of Ere-

bus for the foulest of epithets to cast on those they persecute, and to prepossess the world against them.

The idol, Popularity! alone, is the demon that stirs up the whole soul of these men to excite the misguided people of Britain to cry out for the emancipation of West-India slaves; who, if they were suffered to know the truth, they would find to be, far more comfortably provided for, and far more happy than millions of their own most desolate and wretched poor. If this presumption were not true; and if sweet soothing Charity! dwelt on their hearts; would they not endeavour to assuage the sufferings of their own wretched countrymen, who die by hundreds from cold, starvation, and every species of wretchedness and misery? When these are all made comfortable, and happy, and enlightened; then, may they look around, and try to humanize the sooty sons of Africa; but, till then, their pretensions must be deemed, instead of charity and love, the dark works of hypocrisy and deceit.

If these regenerators are so feelingly alive to the miseries of bondage, as they pretend to be, why not show their tenderness of heart, by opening their own purse-strings; and, in their generous sympathy, raise a fund for their relief and

enfranchisement? And why not propose to parliament; instead of urging there the ruin of their unoffending fellow subjects, to vote an annual sum in aid of that fund, so that the whole people of Britain may contribute, as they ought to do, from the interest they have taken in this matter; and that, at some certain period, the whole body of West-India slaves may at once be bought free; enjoy the boasted blessings prepared for them; and their present masters be enabled to retire to some place of security and peace. Such a proceeding would proclaim the sincerity of their professions, and prove to the world that they possessed those truly enlightened and christian principles they boast of: but no, rather than apply one farthing of the plunder of their country (which all must call, the wages they receive for doing worse than nothing) these hypocrites would suffer those very slaves, they pretend to pity, to starve, and remain for ever in bondage.

Can it be? 'twill be said, that these men are so accused? These the men! who preach up gospel tenets to the world around them? Yes! such they are! Such are the men who recommend to parliament the pillage of their fellow subjects, and to the slaves of the West-Indies, the murder and massacre of their masters!—Such, the world must

consider them, until their *actions*, not their words, shall prove them virtuous—and such, the men attempted to be depicted in the following lines, that the world may be able to appreciate their true character.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The scene of the Fantasia lies on the borders of the Rio Cobre, in the Island of Jamaica, and near the shores of Kingston Harbour; where, even the piscatory and animal creation, are supposed to cry out against the enthusiastic follies and injustice of the people of Great Britain, towards their West-Indian brethren.

If ever there was a time when fishes, beasts, and birds, could speak the language of reason, and expatiate on the actions and conduct of themselves and others; there certainly was never a period of existence wherein it was more likely they should do so, than when a wild enthusiasm becomes the order of the day; and when a few fanatical beings have the presumption to set themselves up, by knowledge gained in their chimney corners, as the perfection of human excellence, and arrogate, there, the powers of dictatorship to the rest of the world.

Whether their pretensions shall continue, and succeed; or whether the dream of Bos Bibens, come to pass; futurity alone can determine. Suffice it, for the present, to observe that the rest of mankind look on with wonder and indignation at such folly, and anxiously await the end and accomplishment of fanatical enthusiasm.

DEDICATION.

To the Honourable the Speaker and Members of the Honourable House of Assembly of the Island of Jamaica.

GENTLEMEN,

As the community you represent contains the largest (and once the most opulent) body of West-India Planters that can collectively be drawn together; be pleased to permit the following lines, which are known to contain your sentiments, to be respectfully dedicated to your generous regard and protection; in the hope that too much confidence is not presumed on, by

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient

And humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE MANIACS,

FROM

THE ROARINGS OF BOS BIBENS.

Les Passions, qui sont les maladies de l'Ame ne viennent que de notre révolte contre la Raison. Cic d'Oli. *Vide last of No.* 7

No. 1.

MINSTREL.

A fatted Ox came down to drink
Soft waters at old Cobre's brink;
And as he guzzled, being dry,
An hungry Snook came swimming by;
And coming near the mighty beast,
Thought of his nose to make a feast;
So, at his nozzle made a bite;
But sudden started in affright,
When the horn'd monster's grisly nose
From the red waters quick arose.
The latter 'spy'd th' astonish'd fish,
And, bellowing a disdainful pish!—

Ox.

What! glittering elfin, was it thou
That bit my over-parched mow?
Had'st thou so done in waters clear,
High I had toss'd thee in the air;
And then some fisher, passing by,
Would soon have had a dainty fry,
After he'd slic'd thee with his whittle,
Or else, have boil'd thee in his kettle.

Snook.

Oh! mighty beast, be not displeas'd,
Because thy snooling nose I seiz'd:
Seeing small fry about it swarm,
I, as though smitten by some charm,
Determin'd not to be behind;
Hoping a rich repast to find.
Though thou art grown so mighty big,
Be not so haughty, I advise;
Thou'lt suffer worse from Butcher Prig,
In spite of hauteur, and of size.

Ox.

Thou prating, lack-land, wat'ry thing;
Who taught thy tiny tongue to sing?
I never thought anterior knowledge
Was ever learnt, except at college;
But thou hast hinted, by the bye,
At what has often made me sigh!—

If thou can'st see, or hear below,
How things above are like to go;
Or tell me what has late been done,
And how I may that butcher shun,
I beg again to meet thee here,
My throbbing, anxious heart to cheer.

SNOOK.

Ah! Bully Bill, thou noisy boaster,
I did not think I'd giv'n a roaster
To such a ranting thing as thou;
But, unknown, little, dapper fellows,
Of rights, are generally jealous,
And oft hit big ones on the mow;—
However, since I see thee humbled
And that thou contritely hast grumbled;
I'm much dispos'd to be thy friend,
If all thy foolish jeerings end;
And I can tell thee, when I will,
Of things, that with surprize must fill
Not only thee, but many more,
Who wear their antlers high before—
Of things below; of things above:
Of stolen bliss and lawful love;
Of politics and history;
Of practice and of theory;
Who is call'd ugly; who a belle;
In fine, of things in Heav'n and Hell;—
But, this must be a bargain still,
That I shall speak just when I will.

Ox.

Oh! miracle of learning,
Whence came such sage discerning?
No one, of all our herd, I vow,
E'er heard so soft a tongue 'till now;
Speak! speak to my pluckt heart again;
So sweet a theme lulls all my pain.

Snook.

Ah! Caitiff, now I plainly see
The very hypocrite in thee:
A character, I heartily detest,
And wish to Heav'n! it was suppress'd.
This, Bos, believe, and this alone
Hath many a worthy heart undone.
All those, who flattery love, will rue
The flatterer's insidious praise;
For flatterers never will speak true;
They only seek themselves to raise,
And never scruple in the end
For self, to sacrifice a friend.
This, well I know, and therefore hate
The sycophant's detested prate;
And thou, henceforth, shalt keenly feel,
The scourge of thy abandon'd zeal;
Since thou, like Wilberforce, and his base gang,
Workest deceitfulness with oily slang;
For know, I ne'er was bought, or sold,
And now, believe, I am too old,

And if I've liv'd a *little Fish*,
Unworthy of the Premier's dish;
Henceforth, I long will strive to dwell,
One of the Genii of this dell.

Ox.

Strange, and more strange, the things I hear,
And greater still, becomes my fear
That that same butcher will decide
To sell my flesh, and dress my hide.
Oh! ne'er suppose it was my wish
To flatter thee, thou wondrous Fish!
'Twas my astonishment alone
That made me do as I have done;
And if I said what did offend,
I swear I did not so intend,
Either 'gainst thee, or any here,
Residing in our hemisphere;
And therefore let thy rueful ire
Against me, totally expire.

Snook.

Thou hast done well to soothe my rage;
For know, by this, thou might'st engage
The favour of our goddess-Sylph
T' inspire thy sprite to save thyself
From ev'ry thing that might portend
A luckless, or untimely end.
She reigns up yonder in the dale
In her bright palace, with her bevy,

Where all the Genii of the vale
Often attend her splendid levee
And here, each demi-god displays
The news he hears—praise or dispraise;
For o'er these three, slow-moving streams,
Which gather in this spacies dell,
Each man, that here, or drinks, or dreams,
Some momentary space must dwell;
And as they pass, each thought is known
To Genii, and at levee blown:
Hence comes, if thou would'st shortly know,
The sapience that astounds thee so;
And thence I may sometimes descend,
To entertain thee as a friend
With all the news of this our Isle,
To make thee grin, or damp thy smile;
But now I see the Fishers come,
I'll haste away to gain my home.—
Whene'er thou com'st again to drink,
And dost on this our converse think,
Wishing, a tete-a-tete, once more,
Send up the dale a bellowing roar;
And then, if all things right appear,
I will not fail to meet thee here.

THE MANIACS.

No. 2.

MINSTREL.

Now, furious from the fields above,
Rushes down Bos like ancient Jove,
Who, with Europa, fell in love;
The same in form, though not the same,
The rage with which the latter came.
Far other was the ardent view
That urg'd on, either of the two,
To seek the margin of the flood,
Where both, awhile, had anxious stood.
The heathen god, inflam'd with love,
Descended slily from above;
But, Bos, inflam'd by angry rage,
Came down, determin'd to engage
Those dastard, and fanatic foes
Who had disturb'd his soft repose
Under those wood-bine cover'd trees
Whose branches dangle to the breeze,
Where horrid dreams disturb'd his rest
And all his soul with fear possess'd.

He tore the earth with giant feet
And threaten'd all his eyes could meet.
The sticks, the stones, are scatter'd high,
And sand and dust around him fly,
'Till he seem'd buried in the smoke
That his own frenzy did provoke.
His eyes, with red and savage glare
Did on surrounding objects stare;
While with his horrid front and horns
He look'd as dreadful as those storms
Which whelm the ship with frightful shocks
Upon some fatal bed of rocks,
Where she, ere long, to pieces goes,
And ends each traveller's hopes and woes,
Wrapp'd in the bosom of the main,
Where thousands else, long dead have lain.
His roar tremendous in the vale,
Re-echo'd loud along the dale;
Nor fail'd the echoings of his roar
To bring the Genie to the shore,
To learn the reason of the rage
That call'd her back upon the stage.
When, from beneath the rippling wave,
That did her finny flutt'rers lave,
She ey'd him bounding on the shore;
Towards the margin, on she bore,
Resolv'd to feign, she did not know,
The cause that had enrag'd him so;
While instinct taught him, she was near
To soothe his ire, and quell his fear.

SNOOK. GENIE!

Friend! why so soon hast thou again,
Thus boldly hail'd me from the plain?
My watery round I scarce had made
'Till thou wast heard beneath the shade,
Where tranquil pleasures I enjoy'd,
In mystic scenes with Sylphs employ'd.
Hast thou had threats of pains severe,
Or goaded been by thrilling fear?
Have toils and hunger thee oppress'd,
Or frightful dreams disturb'd thy rest?
Or, hast thou ran fanatically mad,
Like Wilberforce! the Devil's dad?
Or art thou wrought to such a fume
By barefac'd lies, made up by Hume!

OX.

"Oh! Genie,"—Bos, hard breathing, said,
"Sorely, indeed, I've been afraid
"In the dark visions of the night,
"Which brought dismay, and dire affright.

BOS' DREAM.

"Methought I saw Britannia, drunk!
And sleeping on a parch'd up shore;
While goblins danc'd around the trunk,
That seem'd to sleep, to wake no more.
A Giantess of wondrous pow'r she seem'd,
Whose head, intoxicate, in glory beam'd,

And struck beholders with respectful awe,
The seat of arts, and all-conflicting law.
This, seem'd to rest on Terra's northern pole;
Though, from its pillow, it now seem'd to roll;
Nor watch'd a guardian angel to replace
The dosing head upon its destin'd space.—
Stretch'd to the West, her dexter arm extends,
Whilst, in its grasp, the sceptre reels and bends,
As though the poison had that arm benumb'd,
Beneath whose power the body had succumb'd.
One foot, to Græcia was extended far,
The other rested on th' Hesperian shore;
While her left hand grasp'd at the spicy East—
The most extoll'd; in value, still the least.

"While hope remain'd, she would restor'd arise,
The world look'd on, with fear and strange surmise;
But, as resuscitation seem'd past hope,
Her foes began to take a bolder scope
In the fell part each seem'd dispos'd to take,
Should not th' enchanted Giantess awake.
Around her, scatter'd o'er the vasty green,
Were sceptres, crowns and mitres, prostrate seen;
Cor'nets and diadems profusely lay
With boundless riches, on the mould'ring clay;
Rich vases, deep emboss'd in massy gold,
And chalices that erst did nectar hold;
And purple robes, ensignia proud of state,
Beneath whose folds, Princes once lordly sat—

All, to the bold adventurer a prize
That might on such rich plunder, dare to seize.

" The soporific dose had been so dire,
All hopes had fled, she would again respire ;
And this, soon as her enemies beheld,
A thousand goblins strutted o'er the field.
The owl, the bittern, scream'd across the sky
A doleful dirge for one about to die ;
Scorpions, and crocodiles, and all the serpent train,
Roll'd in their rage along the thirsty plain—
Eagles and vultures—ravens, o'er her soar'd—
Tygers, hyenas, wolves around her roar'd ;
And her own lion ! slunk into the wood,
While the fell vampyres feasted on her blood !

" Meanwhile, red lightnings flash'd across the sky,
And hurried clouds, along the azure fly—
The coming storm, impends with threat'ning ire,
Until the concave seem'd to glow with fire ;
And heavy thunders near th' horizon roll,
That rudely seem'd to shake the northern pole.
Hail-stones and sleet, in rattling fury brawl,
And rains in torrents, like a deluge fall,
Whelming the plain as though another flood
Would all destroy—the will of an offended God !—
The raging winds, loud thund'ring in their course,
O'erturn huge trees, and fences by their force—
Then, rushing contra to their former way,
Tear up their roots, and hurl them far away—

Buildings o'erwhelm'd! and wreck spread here and
there,
Make all, with wildest consternation stare;
While weaker natures, drooping, seek in vain
For shelter, or wherewith to lull their pain.—
Now, slow subside, the rushing hail and rain,
While murky clouds hang heavy o'er the plain,
Whence still, the thunders roll and lightnings glare,
Causing concussions strong thro' earth and air.

"Tho' cold Humanity! ne'er seem'd to mourn
Britannia's fate—the fate of all in turn!!!
Yet cherubim! in pure compassion wept
O'er graves wherein unguarded fathers slept—
Along the margin of each varied cloud,
Cherub and Seraph did their heads enshroud
In palely darkness, weeping, to behold
The coming doom, that angry Fate foretold.

"The giant Almirick, the sceptre tore away,
That her right hand had long been us'd to sway;
And Spain and Greece withdrew the kind supports
Which had sustain'd her empire in their ports.
The Russian Bear, next rais'd his rav'nous jaws
To tear away whate'er was near his claws;
When eastern India vanish'd, never more,
To send her spicy sweets to Albion's shore;
Whilst hosts of foes, of ev'ry shape and size,
Her riches seiz'd, an uncontested prize.

Robbers, and murd'rous Pirates, search'd around,
And seiz'd whate'er of smallest worth was found.
'Till, nothing left, quite stripp'd the field remain'd
Of all that had her mighty State sustain'd.

"At last she felt the deep Vampyrean wound,
Which broke the spell by which she had been bound;
But rose despondent—all the glory gone,
In which resplendent, she had lately shone.
Resuscitate, to feel the mighty dread—
Despair in ev'ry look—she droop'd her head
To misery's gloomy mantle spread around,
And soon amongst the mighty dead was found."

GENIE.

Oh! Bos, each patriot heart will inly bleed
To hear thy Tale; and tho' 'tis but a dream,
Yet, I'll go ponder what may be decreed,
And speak thereof to Genii of the Stream,
And when I've learnt each wary turn of thought,
The dark result shall to thy ear be brought;
Meanwhile, a secret mandate I obey,
And must, to other scenes away.

THE MANIACS.

No 3

MINSTREL.

Once more, Bos mus'd along the marshy plain,
Sipping of waters destin'd for the main,
And cogitating what those words should mean,
Which, by the Genie, spoken last, had been;
For though he dreamt of what was will'd by Fate,
He knew not whence arose her blasting hate;
Nor why Britannia's destiny should hurl
Her from a state, the mightest of this world;
Yet, his forebodings had impress'd the mind,
His hideous dream, misfortunes dire combin'd;
And anxious waited, thrill'd with mental pain,
'Till the kind Deess should the dream explain.

Now when the Genie from the conclave came,
Where all is known, that can be known to fame;
Where Gods and Demi-Gods had sounded Fate
On all the reasons of her ranc'rous hate;
And when each had his own conclusions drawn,
From reas'nings of each God, and Sylph, and Faun;

Combining cause and consequence with fate,
The *end* was seen, and finish'd the debate;
Which now the Genie shortly will relate.
Her bright precursor, on etherial wing,
I see, attending, from th' Olympic spring—
And now, herself, bends on with rapid fin,
Her promis'd explication to begin.

GENIE.

Though I ne'er lightly thought, oh, favour'd Bos,
Of any thing that gave thy dream its gloss;
Yet, I confess, I was not then prepar'd
To feel it, as in conclave it appear'd—
There, all the Gods unitedly decree
Thy Dream! the certain will of Fate, to be;
Nor will the Saints of this posterior day,
That coming fate one single hour delay;
But, on the contrary will surely bring
Destruction on their Country, and their King!
This will be prov'd, incontrovert, to thee,
Or, I'm not of that rightful progeny
To whom the wisdom of the Gods descend,
To warn, conjure, and supplicate to mend.

Thou art not lone among the beastial race
Whom Gods ordain'd to stubborn man to trace
What future times, shall, as by fate produce,
Tho' there be those that will thy fame traduce,
And boldly say, "thy sayings are a lie,"
As Jews did Jesu's! sacred truths deny;

For, from the earliest ages of the world,
Since Satan's self to nether Hell was hurl'd,
Those stubborn beings have disdain'd to hear
The counsel sage that is to wisdom dear.
In spite of prophesy; of warnings strong;
In dire hypocrisy they drag along
Their fated souls, and when to mend, too late,
They rant, and say, oh, 'tis our hapless fate!
That brings misfortune, misery and pain
On us, our brothers, friends and saintly train.—
No! 'tis not true—*Fanaticism*, alone,
Brings all those evils under which they groan.
This word, so ominous of Britain's fate,
Brings on her, each surrounding nation's hate;
Which, with those follies, that now bear the sway,
Will whelm her in the dust! in early day.

MINSTREL.

Britannia drunk!!—Ah! drunk indeed is she,
Who, her true interests, now no more can see—
When an old woman! to wipe off her sins,
Old England's Commons, round her finger spins,
And can persuade them to destroy those laws,
An hundred years establish'd in good cause—
Laws, Briton's birth-rights, long did well secure,
And possibly enrich'd a sorrowing wh**e—
Laws, long consider'd politic and wise,
Which caus'd Britannia's wealth, and mighty rise!—

Which set her high above the world around,
And made her Empire gloriously renown'd!—
Shall these expire? and England's ruin grow
Out of the maniac follies of her foe?
Shall these be done away, because a fool
Sits on his last—his worse than cutty-stool?
Repentant of the *bounteous charities* he gave
The orphan, sick and poor, from mis'ries scourge to save—
Repentant for those glowing *truths*, he told
How Afric's sons were treated, bought and sold—
Or, rather, for the calumnies wide flung
By an insidious heart, and lying tongue,
Against whole thousands of far better men
Than seek his nod, or meet his fiend-like ken.
Now! well may all, with noble Pitt cry out,
"Oh! thou, my country!" what art thou about?

OX.

About! why, driving on to fate, as glad
As any one fanatically mad!

MINSTREL.

At this, the Genie smil'd—her face illum'd,
But, in a moment, her discourse resum'd.

GENIE.

Paternal cares, once, Britain's soul imbu'd,
And justice she bestow'd, however rude—

Those children then, who left her anxious side,
Were aye caress'd, her glory and her pride;
Because, from long experience, she knew
Their hearts were incorruptible and true.
These, ne'er return'd, but to her shores they brought
Riches, for which they labour'd, or they fought;
The fruits of danger and of anxious care,
Which none but bold adventurers can share—
Unlike those greedy, base, fanatic souls,
Whose folly Britain's destinies controuls;
Saintly, poor wretches! draining her last blood;
Resolv'd to whelm her in th' oblivious flood.

What travell'd Briton e'er betray'd his trust?
What saintly beast can point where lies his dust?
Those who have travell'd earth's remotest bound
Have ever been the truest Britons found;
They only, who have never left her shore,
Have given her cares unnumber'd to deplore;
Yet those, these saintly maniac brutes to please,
Must ev'ry good! nay, e'en existence cease!

ARIEL, *the Genie's Precursor.*

Britannia! drunk!—how awful such a thought!
With how much danger and destruction fraught,
Would such a circumstance to millions be,
Who bask beneath her "sun of Liberty"!
How deadly fatal! not to these alone;
But to those heirs who should support the throne!

GENIE.

Yes! my gay Ariel, millions shall bemoan
Their children's fate, as reckless as their own;
But, who, can these, but their own fathers blame
For dire disgrace and overwhelming shame?—
With curses, these, their fathers, names shall blast,
For miseries, they shall on their sons have cast,
By throwing off the guidance of a world!
To have the wings of *bumble-bees* unfurl'd;
And ranging Africa! to save a fly,
While Ireland's thousands miserably die—
Poor sottish beasts, with intellects more gross
Than thy most humble kindred—good friend Bos;
But hark! the song a Goddess loudly sung
In our Elysium, hangs upon my tongue,
Prophetic of the destiny that hangs
O'er maniac Britons, in their children's pangs.

THE DOLE OF FATE.

The loom is built, the woof is set
On Britain's warp of hate;
And wove the web, that forms the net
Which drags her hideous fate.

Ungrateful she, unnat'ral too;
Fanatic in her course;
Her mad career shall have its due,
And all my rage its force!

Long hath she strove to aggravate
My reckless, slumb'ring ire;
But now her reign is short in date
And soon it shall expire.

No warning voice she deigns to hear,
As tho' Rome never fell;
No Carthage! fills her mind with fear
Nor where the Grecians dwell.

Pride, perfidy, deceit and wrong
Bear their imperial sway,
Hypocrisy her nightly song,
And patricide by day.

Her nobles led by maniac fools,
Her ministers by folly;
Her parliaments, of rogues the tools,
Her children melancholy!

With fond solicitude and love,
These she should ever cherish —
But, curst with madness from above,
She cares not, if they perish.

Thy wards, Elfina! look to thee,
To guide them to their Heav'n;
But, the dire arms! devolve to me,
By which their foes are riv'n;

And I will fully mete the measure
Which these to those mete out;
The Maniac's sons shall have the *pleasure*
To feel as dire a rout.

Britannia's sons alone, are Britain's foes,
At least, they only, can effect the close
Of all her glory! and extinction bring
On country, people, nobles, and their king!—
They boast of wisdom, knowledge, science, arts—
Of pure humanity, and feeling hearts—
But time will falsify those boasted claims,
When he discloses all their villain aims.
The first, I absolutely them deny;
For if their brains possess'd it, would they try,
Like trifling children in a naughty mood,
To break the casket holding all their good?—
Were they but wise, would they not vie, instead,
Their country's fame! to last posterity to lead?
And strive to fix her glory! on a rock,
That should, of time and force, despise the shock?
And nothing leave, but direst fate's decree,
To end her former, glorious destiny!

Instead of this, do not, like vampyres in the dream,
A soulless horde! her life's-blood cause to stream
At ev'ry pore?—Do they not, piecemeal, tear
Her very vitals from her bleeding breast?

'Till she, a skeleton, doth weak appear,
Like one, of blood and bowels dispossess'd.
Not only thus; her body they exhaust,
But all her limbs, to her, will soon be lost,
And give her foes the aid of that strong arm
That held the world in fear and dread alarm.
The miscreant crew, infatuate in their zeal,
Destroy their children's, with their country's weal;
But, the sad cause, and reason how and why,
Though hidden now, I'll tell thee by and bye.

THE MANIACS.

No. 4.

MINSTREL.

When thus the Genie had divulg'd her mind,
Away she flew, retirement's rest to find;
But, after a short space, return'd,
As in her breast, her throbbing heart yet burn'd;
And, finding Bos still ling'ring on the shore,
She thus began to vent her mind once more.

GENIE.

Friend Bos! o'erlook the rapid flight
I made for home, but yesternight;
For I acknowledge, I so warm had grown,
My mind, e'en to myself, was scarcely known;
'Till passing under the frail Ferry road,
Some weary travellers slowly o'er it rode,
Whose serious converse struck upon my ear,
Alive to all the news which it can hear.
These, as they journey'd, reason'd fair,
On all that struck me through the vapid air,

And when I came within a hearing, one,
His portion of the converse thus began.

1st Stranger.

A pirate Parliament, forsooth! great God!—
This rolling globe, in all its myriad rounds,
'Till now, ne'er knew, free senatorians plod,
What ev'ry soul, on her broad face astounds!
That British senators! should loudly call,
Dire ruin and destruction, now to fall
On their own offspring, daughters, sons!
In whom their blood (but not base nature) runs—
Children, who never thought, or dreamt of wrong
To relatives, whom once they play'd among—
Whose constant wish has ever been,
Britannia! from her foes to screen—
Who always gloried in her rise,
And deem'd her fame and love, a prize
For which they would have sacrificed their blood;
And, a strong rampart in her favour stood.

Grin not, fanatic crew, at this presumption,
For if this could not be, by our conjunction;
The revenue immense, wrung from our purse!
To you has been a blessing—not a curse,
Such as you daily strive, on us to bring,
While we toil hard, to make your bantlings sing.
And why such spite!—Because, mostly born poor,
We sought in India to procure

That sustenance which Britain ne'er can give
To all, born on her shores, and all who live?—
Is this our crime! is this the reason why
We should be doom'd to degradation, or to die?—
If so, Oh, may that justice! from high Heav'n!
To you be measur'd, for what you have giv'n.

What! Britain's Government! confusion dire applaud!
Nay, making laws? her children to defraud!
To wrest the hard earn'd morsel from those hands,
Bound to her fate, by nature's strongest bands?
By ties of kindred, country, nature, name,
Alike endear'd to glory and to fame!—
Monstrous!—Had these conspir'd against her peace,
Or, Britain's rights, or Britain's rule despis'd—
E'er strove, her foes resources to increase,
Or, her destruction with them compromis'd;
Then, well might she have punish'd and condemn'd,
Those, who so justly could have been contemn'd;
But now, of what can e'en a saint complain?—
In us, there's nothing justly to arraign—
All has been done that men could fairly do,
Alike to reason and to justice true.
As far as justice to ourselves can go
Amelioration has not fail'd to run;—
What, e'en the maniacs! have advis'd to do,
Has for our people speedily been done;

But now, we find, that we have gone too far,
And condescended, our own rights to mar.
If any farther mad reform should go;
On Britain, as on us, 'twill ruin throw—
All will be whelm'd in chaos once again,
And when once down, down—Britain must remain!
Surrounding nations! will take special care
She, with their rights, no more shall interfere.
Our frantic politicians, laugh at this;
But Folly's laugh! will damn old England's bliss!

The *saints* complain (not such as meant above,
The soul of friendship! harbingers of love!)
But grov'ling saints, whose only god is gold;
To whose dominion they have long been sold;
Bought by some worn-out, now repentant wh—e
Whose past transgressions haunt her more and more.
Like *sainte*, like saints; just of a piece—
Like fathers, brothers, sisters, cousins, niece—
One gives her money, to redeem her soul;
While the receivers, parliament controul,
By promises of patronage to share
With many, what a greedy soul can spare.
Ah! wretches! the contempt of ev'ry one,
Who wishes unity to England and her throne!

But, what astonishes far more than all,
Is, that Britannia's King! doth not recall
Those maniacs back, to reason and to sense,
And in his Royal personage! dispense,

That patronage, the *saints* spread round about,
On all, who will their villainy bear out;—
And that, the Royal Brothers! cannot see
The cloud, that hangs upon their dynasty!—
I must, howe'er, repress this anxious thought,
And turn again to miscreants, who have sought,
The ruin of a race, to whom is due,
Honours far greater than to that mad crew,
That would by *law;* justice! and right! undo.
These wretches say, that *we* are cruel brutes;
But not like them, thank Heav'n!—Hell's own recruits,
Incited by the devil to overwhelm
In misery and distraction, that fair realm,
The noblest, loveliest, on that spacious earth
Which hapless gave such sycophants their birth.

These guileful beings, like the serpent train,
Their diabolic measures to attain,
Use the same means, their brethren to deceive,
Which Satan the Arch-Angels made believe,
When his gull'd millions he led away,
And caus'd them from Jehovah's paths to stray.
He, dead to reverence for that pow'r benign!
To whom he ow'd his duty, sought to reign
Like him omnipotent; or, hurl him down,
And then usurp his high and mighty throne!—
So Wilberforce, and his fanatic train,
By ev'ry symptom reason can explain,
Would do; the same his object and his aim.

Or else, like Cromwell, whom he imitates
In calculating destinies and fates—
When he, like him, sufficiently has wrought
Upon the general will, in mind and thought,
By hypocritic cant and fair pretence
Of much religion, virtue, innocence—
Then, will he dowst the mask, and, without fear,
In all his fiend-like majesty appear.

That such fanatics should aspire to rule
Is not surprising—nothing new or strange;
But that a parliament should be his tool!—
That men reputed wise, themselves should range
Under such banners! is far more than strange!
'Tis folly, madness, and fanaticism!—
A want of brains, and lack of patriotism!
The absence of just preconception
And serves to prove, beyond rejection,
That all their aim is present power and place;
The sole enjoyment of the frantic race—
Fools, who can see no further than their nose,
Tho' on their whims, our hapless fates repose.
None thinks a whit, on Britain's future day,
Nor cares how soon the devil is to pay;
But headlong hurry her to ruination
By wild fanaticism and dissipation—
Pay-day, however, ere they think, will come
And fix their fate, as they would fix our doom.

Lies, cunning and deceit, are potent arms,
By which, like the arch fiend! they spread those charms
Which lead the multitude, both rich and poor,
Into the mis'ry, they shall 'scape no more.

Now, how these miseries shall come, we'll show,
That fools themselves, their coming ills may know,
And future men anticipate the day
That soon shall sweep Britannia's pow'r away
From this broad world! and that same pow'r bestow
Upon some other nation, that shall grow
More rational, more wise, and worthier far
To guide the reins of Fortune, Peace, and War.

2D STRANGER.

Now, arrah! my honey, pray don't be so fast,
For, by your long prating you've set me aghast!
And I think, a few words to friend Paddy is due,
Tho' by J—s, you spaike, what sure's vera true—
Those craturs, in Erin, would look very blue,
If they were to live on poor Paddy Whack's fare,
"Paraties and Buttermilk"—those very spare;
And de'il o' a drap o' that dear usquebagh,
But once in a week, for poor Paddy McGrah.
Och! had I that Wilperforce once in my clutches,
For ever thereafter, he'd hobble on crutches—
De'il burn me, the scoondrel shou'd get such a whacking,
His bones should all feel, as soon a'ter a racking.

Does the hypocrite scoondrel of Bramber,
The faith which he broke with young Hinde, still remember?
Sad breach! that might ruin have brought
On one, who, the hypocrite, took for a saint,
But who, by experience, was speedily taught
To see a black devil, disguis'd by white paint.
Th' electors of Yorkshire, asham'd of their member,
Turn'd over their man to the childer of Bramber;
And now, O ye childer of Bramber! turn out,
This burlesque on saints, and such fellows e'er flout,
As unworthy to bear, the name Bramber about.
And now, that of Wilberforce, I have just spoken,
Allow me to give, of McCauley, a token,
That you and the world may just only remember
Another, as vile a West Indian contemner.

This maniac, who late, "Negro Slavery," wrote
For his gentleness, has brother Braham's kind vote;
But Jamaica good folks universally know
That many a lash, and a kick, and a blow,
Undeserved, he dealt out, to many a slave
When he carried a cow-skin, on this side the wave.
Does McCauley remember the property, Hyde!
That lies in Saint Thomas' vale,
Whence, once, he was forc'd, very quickly to stride,
And fly the romantical dale?
Just only, because he so fond was of flogging,
That bailiffs would soon at his heels have been dogging;

And had he been caught, in despite of his Star!
He had taken his stand at Jago side bar.
His Bethlehem brethren, this truth will deny,
But a contrary proof we can boldly defy.

'Tis said, this *kind* fellow is worth near a plumb,
But how he came by it, his friends are all dumb.
The circumstance proves what was said heretofore,
That the Wilberforce patronage made up his store.
They'll tell us 'twas gain'd by great danger and toil,
But is it not part of poor Johnny Bull's spoil?
Devoted to pay all the rogues of the nation,
Determin'd to vote his entire extirpation.

If that pretty sweet cratur you spake o' just now,
Her hunders o' thousands wou'd only bestow
On the childer o' Erin, how noble 'twou'd be!
Sure she'd make all their hearts full o' glee
And blessings by millions wou'd fall on her head,
Whether given alive, or bequeath'd us when dead;
But now, she reaps curses by thousands of hunders,
For all her d—d sycophant blunders
In fixing affections on Africa's race,
Instead of poor Paddy's fine childer's bright face.
De'il make her sit down on the broad o' her back,
Becase all her grub is bespent on the black;
'Till the shiners return to their heretofore track.

M'excuzez mes amis, que Je les appelle
Par un nom aussi dure, que cella de scoundrelle

Car, en vrai, Je ne connais pas mot,
Bad enough on those villains to throw,
Who all our possessions are tearing away
And threat'ning that *for them*, they *nothing will pay ;*
Is this England's justice !—her policy this—
Her worthiest subjects to whelm in distress ?
Their property ! tear all away from their hands ;
Deny them their rights, and destroy all their lands !—
And that, too, without full and just compensation !—
Alas ! all such scoundrels ; alas ! such a nation !—
Such villainy, once, was not one of her rules ;
But now she's deceiv'd by rogues, villains and fools,
And sorry am I, that our ——— are their tools.
What's *mine*, is *not their's ;* to give or to take ;
For mercy's religion's, no charity's sake—
If they wish to be kind, and all strife to be done ;
Let them *buy !*—we will *sell !*—then they'll give of
their own ;
But d—d be all those, who shall cause spoliation,
On me, or on mine, without due compensation !

High time, now it is, that Jamaica should look
To her dearest of interests, nor longer to brook,
The insolence, madness, or folly of those
Whose pride it would be to embitter her woes ;
And insist, once again, without fear of their frown,
On those rights legislative, we hold from the crown ;
As knowing much better, what to us belong,
Than can such a frantic and ignorant throng,

Who, tho' their red-rag glibly rolls in their mouth,
Know not if we dwell in the north or the south.
Nor can it be made to their senses appear,
Jamaica gives England five millions a year!
Which revenue lost to her treas'ry—good bye!
Johnny Bull is done up! and all Europe cries fie!

3D STRANGER.

If ever men deserv'd the appellation,
Scoundrel! should be their softest designation;
For none but scoundrels, ever yet did dare
A brother's rights! from brother's hands to tear;
And don't the whole of this curs'd saintish race
Bring on their country, ruin and disgrace,
In striving to demolish and destroy
The pittance they have left us to enjoy?
Already have the villains so reduc'd
The value of what here is now produc'd,
By calumnies of basest fabrication,
Insidiously spread throughout the nation;
That those who once were rich, are grown so poor
They can't relieve the beggar at their door;
Preventing us from shewing that which they
Ne'er had the heart, or feeling to display—
True charity! which here is better known
Than nearer to the seat of England's throne.
There! there, is felt, dire misery's extreme,
And oft without e'en one allaying beam

Of soothing hope, the sufferers to cheer
Amid the anguish of their chilling fear
There, winter's boisterous, bleak and ruthless blast
Doth annual hundreds in life's *fossee* cast—
There winter's bitter and benumbing chill
Congeals life's genial and enliv'ning rill,
Curs'd by the want of clothing, fire, and food,
The elements of all-exciting blood.
But, cares the arch enthusiast for this?
Would he, for these, forego his earthly bliss?
No! rather he would on his tenants chattels seize,
And cast their children out of doors, to freeze;
To starve, and naked thus forlorn to die,
Than give them shelter, or their wants supply!
Rather would all this hypocritic crew
Rob ev'ry man! than give to *one* his due;
And rather much, their country overturn,
Than o'er past wickedness and folly mourn,
And to right reason and to sense return.

In this warm region, fire and clothing are
Scarce wanted, and of food, we have to spare
In our own grounds, except in droughty times,
Which sometimes will infest these southern climes;
But then, we have a plenteous market near,
And seldom 'tis, indeed, we hunger fear;
And even then
West India planters act like feeling men;

And with whate'er they have, or can procure,
Assist those of their slaves, who are most poor—
But if our foes, should this our claim deride,
One other object, sure, wont be deny'd;
Which is, that e'en, for our self-interest sake
Good care of all our people we must take.

Now, who takes care of England's suffering poor!
Who hunger, sickness, nudity endure?
Is it, Fanatics! he, or she, or you?
Whene'r you can, I pray you, tell us true.
Meanwhile, I ask, if ye, in sickness send
Doctors and nurses, servants to attend?
Do those, to these, a due attention pay
Until abroad again, they take their way?
Do ye your labourers' children clothe and feed,
Until they rise up in their parents' stead?
Do ye pay taxes, and their rentage pay,
While they subserve beneath your rigid sway?
When they grow old, and then can work no more,
Do ye provide, and feed them as before?
No! sickly servants for themselves must shift,
For ye! ne'er had the charity to lift
Them from distress! but each would rather give
A hempen string, than their distress relieve.
If they don't constant labour and attend,
Ye! to the De'il, your servants send.
Not so with us—whether they're well or sick,
As birds to lime-twigs, they to us must stick;

And we're obliged, whether we will or no,
The pains, expense, and loss, to undergo.
Now, to my charge, I must again return,
And sing, how once, old Wilberforce did burn.

Some twenty years ago, I well remember,
This beast was treated like an old offender;
And by Kingstonians he was mounted high
On a lean horse, and burnt in effigy!
Tom Paine, his dear and worthy prototype,
For like fanatic mischief, ever ripe,
Rode with him, on the same unsightly beast;
And bloody Marat, not in madness least
Rode with them; and old Henry Shirley,
Who paid for agitating floggings dearly.
These bloody villains, were all dragg'd along,
With cheerings loud, amid the motley throng,
Who, one and all, had equally exulted,
If, to those scoundrels' persons, had resulted
The self-same fate in effigy they met;
But Nick has a warm corner for them yet;
Where Wilberforce, and sycophantic crew
Will feel what to hypocrisy is due.
Here Bos! I must communication end,
And elsewhere, other cares attend.
Farewell! 'till I again return
With further news from up the bourne.

THE MANIACS.

No 5.

MINSTREL.

YE Pharisees! attribute not to me
The sharp revilings of the times that be—
The Gods themselves detest hypocrisy!
When all the western world feel dire alarms,
At the vile hissings of those potent charms,
Wherewith, like rattle-snakes, your poisonous stings,
O'er all our hemisphere destruction brings;
Think not, ye can, that scourge of censure 'scape,
Which, if ye feel, shall make your heart-strings quake;
But, 'tis well known, no feelings ye enjoy,
But what your country and her children would destroy;
No love paternal, to compatriots ye bear—
No brotherly affections, do ye share;
Not e'en enough a brother's blood to spare.
A wise old adage inculcates the rule,
That genuine charity begins at home;
But ye! determin'd to expose the fool,
And mark him; to remotest regions roam,

To soothe, like ideots, an ungrateful race,
In whom no being confidence can place—
Whom nature never suited to be free,
On their own shores, or o'er the raging sea—
Instead of giving brothers at your door,
The surplus of your ill-begotten store.
The tyger, that roams through Idumean groves,
More tender to his kind and offspring proves.
He spares his like—respects fraternal ties,
E'en though with thirst and hunger fierce he dies;
But ye! unnatural wretches! would rejoice,
As oft declared with loud stentorian voice,
To know your brethren, kindred, sons were slain!
That ye might share a hoard of filthy gain:
Gained, possibly, by some diseased bawd,
The pay of procuration, lust, and fraud.

If she had wish'd to pave her way to heaven!
Far worthier means, poor wretch! were daily given,
Than promising a canting worthless ass
A princely fortune to bring ruin down
On thousands, who through miseries must pass
At his deceitful beck, and her black frown.
No patriot minister to stand between
His country's good, and these vile plotters, to be seen;
All sold to Party, or bought o'er by place;
Nothing but ruin stares us in the face!
Had she her treasures spread, on Erin's shore,
Where griefs unheard-of press the wretched poor

Where, do not thousands, without bed or covering lie?
And where, do not whole hundreds famish, groan, and
die?
Amid cold winter's sharp and ruthless blast,
Without one cheering hope to sooth their last!
Where, are not cruelties now exercis'd!
Which, in no Christian country can be equalliz'd?
(Except in Græcia, on that gallant band,
Who combat nobly for the classic land;
Whence, all the world are proud to own,
The seeds of science, over all have flown.)
There—that's the scene, where all may vie
In soothing poor distress'd Humanity!
Where she and all our greedy, pamper'd lords
Might show a truly Christian heart;
But this, with gormandizing, ill accords;
Acting alone their *worldly* part;
But times may early come, when these shall feel
That aukward turn of fickle Fortune's wheel,
That recompenses hypocrites and fools,
And all who swerve from reason's simple rules.
But now, gay Ariel comes, on outstretch'd wings,
And tidings of the kindly Genie brings;
Who, gliding gently down the purling stream
Stops and accosts old Bos, on his dread theme.

GENIE.

Thy dream portentous, we contemplate, Bos!
With fears for Albion's fate, and Albion's loss.

Fate changeth all things by a word,
As human life, to nothing, by a sword.'
The Anglians, nor see, nor feel, nor think,
Of what was long decreed by wondrous heaven!
Nor will they see, or feel, until they sink
Into the nothingness whence they have risen.
But now, I will to you relate
The stranger's sentiments on Fate—
Of the true cause, why some great nations fall,
And others rise by their enthrall;
With reasons for those ups and downs,
Call'd by your worldlings, "Fortune's frowns."

1st Stranger.

My good friend Pat, I like thy humour;
But then, it rises like a tumour
Upon some toper's burning lip
Stealing the zest of every sip
Of the sweet juice of Bacchus' vine,
Tost by some drunkard at his shrine;
No longer hurtful, than untim'd,
To the exertions of a mind,
Which, proofs from olden times has sought,
Stretch'd on the outspread wings of thought.

Once, was not Rome, a great and mighty state;
Stern arbiter of many a nation's fate?
Which none could then contend with, or withstand,
On ocean's wave, nor yet on firmer land.
Carthage, which stood, where bloody Tunis stands;

Her great competitor in sov'reign rule;
Long fought and foil'd her bravest martial bands;
But fell, at last, in the oblivious pool.
And did not Egypt's mighty empire fall,
Under the arms of Pompey's rude controul?
Whose legions spurn'd the heat of Lybian plains,
Unbless'd with cooling streams, or kindly rains—
All Asia trembled at her haughty nod,
Whilst Europe's self bowed down beneath her rod;
And even Britain! felt the galling chain,
By which she held her universal reign;
Until voluptuous Cæsar's tyrant rage,
Brought luxury and folly on the stage;
Enfeebling and impov'rishing the state,
And drawing on her, a whole world of hate—
'Twas then, she fell! and sorrowful her fall,
Dragging down nations, in her conqueror's thrall;
And midway, Britain! met the hapless fate
That made her, neither kingdom, power, nor state;
But left her quite unfortunate and lone,
Without, or saving help, or guiding throne.
Then 'twas that Britons felt how feeble they
Appear'd before the Vandals, in array;
Who soon o'erran their country, and expos'd
Her people to that miserable state
Which Wilberforcian villains are dispos'd
To wish our own, and Britain's hapless fate.

Oh! Britons, think, consider and reflect,
What once has happen'd, and again might be!

Fanaticism can ruin! not protect!
Nor keep our favour'd country great and free.

Lo! France; like Britain now, was once as great—
Of riches, arts and arms the matchless seat;
But now, her colonies, all from her torn,
She's left, a feeble pow'r, her fate to mourn—
A feeble state! by maniac fools brought down,
To tremble at surrounding nations frown.

Once, was not Spain! pre-eminently rich?
Whose flag wav'd proudly, over half the world;
But maniacs have reduc'd her to that pitch,
She scarce can show, that tatter'd flag unfurl'd.

Oh! Britain, awful warning take by these,
And let no innovations cross the seas.
Look well at home! *and when at home all's free*,
Then look abroad, to vent thy charity;
Not now, when thou dost feel the galling chain
Of tyranny!—dare not, of us complain;
But let strict justice! guide the gen'ral will,
Wherewith her dictates thou would'st fain fulfil.
No more let maniacs! dare presume to guide
Thy noble fortunes, through the stormy tide,
That, without care and caution, will o'erwhelm,
In endless ruin, Britain's favour'd realm.

Why, England!—oh! why risk thy deathless fame,
To give a silly ass an empty name?

And art thou sure thou dost not headlong run,
The race of being certainly undone?—
Art thou invulnerable? cannot Fate?
That fortune! which so often has, of late,
O'erturn'd so many governments around,
And hurl'd the pride of Kings upon the ground!
Can't *she* humble thy pride, and bring thee low?
And dost not thou, the seeds of ruin sow,
In madly severing from thy trembling side,
An arm, that was thy glory and thy pride?—
That aided thee, in many a bloody field,
And might, e'en yet, a bounteous succour yield,
If thou would'st only simple justice! give
To these, thy children, who, West Indians live—
'Tis all we ask!—and, if it be deny'd,
May God! the justice! of our cause decide.
Beware, enthusiasts! the time may come,
When ye may rue your fate, in our sad doom.

The fate of Britain, still with Britons lies,
But if ye now, should thoughtless throw away,
The precious boon that Heaven has bestow'd,
Your glory! nay, your very name, soon dies;
For when yourselves, your country shall betray,
Deservedly, she stinks, a loathsome toad
In the glad eye of all the nations round,
Whose mind, your maniac follies must astound.

The Russian, and the Austrian tyrants may
Pretended favour to our slaves display;

But wherefore? why, because they know,
West India's loss, would England! give a blow
That soon would terminate the power!
That oft had made them, their pretensions lower.
The former, must, for her destruction call,
That he may mightier rise, upon her fall.
How can professions, such as those, be true?
Since, greater scourges, nature never knew,
Than are these tyrant, and allied two.
Before they speak of slavery, let them free
Their own oppressed slaves! and let them freemen be;
But they, like Wilberforce! can recommend
Others to *give*, what they won't even *lend*.
Would Russia, or would France, were they possess'd;
Or Germany, or Prussia, were they bless'd
With Islands, rich and happy, as were ye—
Would these, or either, so fanatic be,
To risk her power, and like a maniac treat,
Possessions, which alone, could keep her great?
Possessions! that had rais'd her high above
The hate of other nations, or the love—
Possessions! that, with judgment, would sustain
The undivided empire of the Main—
Her people ease, of burthens which o'erwhelm
In misery and distress, a potent realm;
And, to the end of time, prolong a reign,
Which lost! some other state would doubtless gain.

When ye give up your *now* West Indian sway,
On England! ye draw down a direful day,
Which shall o'erwhelm her glory, in the dust,
Th' effect of one old fool's ambitious lust—
The lust of power! or, *nomen*, not less faint;
The mad ambition, to be call'd a saint;
But such an hope, must prove the ass a fool,
And every one an ass! who is his tool.
Then why such folly? why so mad a scheme?
To risk the nation's welfare for a name!—
That name is nothing, if at home ye look
It means no more than Liberty forsook!
And liberty forsaken; Slave! becomes
The name that to each Briton now belongs;
And what belongs to you, belongs to us,
For like, is like, however great the fuss
That Wilberforce and company now make,
To wrest your liberties, and share the stake.
Has not each nobleman his slaves,
In Europe, as beyond the waves?
And where? the greatest! who can tell?
Unless on Erin's shores, they dwell!
But this is nothing; Irishmen! are stones;
While Africans! are made of flesh and bones—
Those are mere brutes! unworthy of protection—
But these, are brothers! sisters! dear connection!—
Out! wretches; frantic all, and moping drunk—
Contempt, disdain; make poor old Bos! still funk;

But Englishmen are blind, and cannot see
The trap that's spread against their liberty.
They are asleep, no longer can they feel
The ills that happen to the public weal;
And this makes true, old Bos's dream,
While dozing near to Cobre's stream.

MINSTREL.

The converse here, the Genie ended,
And up the valley quick ascended;
Leaving poor Bos to ruminate
On what could cause the maniac hate!
Big! in his country's coming fate.

THE MANIACS.

No. 6.

MINSTREL.

As Mars, when wounded, swift return'd to Heaven,
By Diomed's keen sword, for succour driven
To seek for refuge, and advice from Gods,
To combat mortals, with immortal odds;
So sought the Genie her Elysian home,
To seek for wisdom in Minerva's dome,
Where, th' assembled gods united were,
The pleasure of the conclave to declare;
But I presume not to expound
The dark result of reas'nings so profound;
The Genie's self descending from above,
All doubt and difficulty can remove;
But even she, obscured sometimes, in clouds,
The *when* and *how*, ambiguously enshrouds.

GENIE.

Mysterious! is the will of Fate; and none
Is certain of to-morrow, 'till it's gone;

None, then, should spurn a happy lot,
Lest, e'en their brightest hopes become a blot.

This aphorism, Bos, is just and wise,
And hence, the Travellers observations rise;
Which, in continuation, I'll relate,
To shew old England's fast approaching fate—
Fix'd fate; no human power can e'er restrain,
And none avert; but those the gods sustain.
Hence, I commune not, free as I have done;
And, but relate to thee, and thee alone;
The converse that proceeds from human thought,
With fancy, wisdom, or with folly fraught.
Already have I spoken, from those powers!
Who number ages, years, and fleeting hours;
And more is useless; as Messiah said,
E'en though a monitor came from the dead.
Hear then, what many a fellow mortal says
On the result of these eventful days.

1st Traveller.

As much mysterious, as the will of Fate,
Is some men's monstrous love and hate;
Some love their kindred, children, and the like,
While others shew to these, ineffable dislike—
Vide Wilberforce, who's doating fond of black,
But would, all white men, smother in a sack—
And why? can any tell? no, lest it be
To hide his diabolical fantasie.

This fantasie, all centers in himself—
His gods! dominion, levelling and pelf!
In which soe'er of these, he sits supreme,
Blood and confusion will become his theme.

If in Dominion! he shall sit aloft;
Must uncle Geordie's feathers not be doft?
And many a big-wig, not be humbled down?
Nor many a great man, truckle at his frown?
I guess, my friends, it shortly will be so,
Unless this artful fiend is humbled low.

If he goes on in gaining women's purses,
He'll heap on England, a whole world of curses;
He'll buy all Parliament, that's not yet bought!
To side with him, in frantic mind and thought.
Place, is their hope; and pension, all they wish;
Their hungry souls gulp at them, like a fish—
A rav'nous shark—To fill whose hungry maw,
The Devil himself extends his iron paw,
Enchas'd in all-enchanting gold!
To which their greedy souls have long been sold.
Gamesters, who screw their needy tenants down,
To gamble all, with black-legs when in town;
Who sell their souls—their children—all for place,
Some greater blockhead's pageant shew to grace;
Instead of doing honour to the station,
They ought to hold, in an impov'rish'd nation,
Base beings, lost to every sense of shame;
A blast to Britain, honour, and to fame—

Folly and madness now pervade the whole,
Except a few, and very few; whose soul
In their lost country's cries condole;
And who, perhaps, might save it from disgrace,
Were they endow'd with confidence and place;
And power to turn the Maniacs all out,
Who, common sense and precognition flout—
Men, who know nothing; nor, can e'er perceive
To-morrow's bearing on th' advice they give.

If libelling be the object which he seeks,
He'll find enough among dame Fortune's freaks—
Old Cromwell can a few good precepts give
That will his mind from labour much relieve.
He'll shew him how to level down,
All, from the highest, to the clown;
And then, he'll trample down those lofty heads
Whose feathery sculls, like Paon's tail, outspreads;
Under the ashes, upon which he treads;
And where are fitter instruments than those?
Who, England's wild, enthusiastic mob compose;
Who look on him, and his fanatic crew,
With rev'rence, more than is to angels due—
Weak souls! taking for gospel, all they say,
Whose object is to gull, and to betray—
Witness how these poor tools cry'd out
Against the income tax, and made a rout,
Assev'ring, that their ruin would be sealed,
Unless that tax should quickly be repealed;

While this deceitful, deep and canting set
Laugh'd at the fools caught in their net—
A thoughtless race, who, if they reason'd right,
Had viewed the tax in quite another light;
A tax, not bearing on the lab'ring poor,
But lying solely at the rich man's door;—
Thus, People! sophistry imposed on you,
Laying down premises that were not true—
They made you cry! "We all shall ruin'd be,"
"If from this tax we are not soon set free;"
And this they did, that they might have to say,
Why you, yourselves, have done the tax away.
Which tax alone, of war, should pay the cost,
For, by the rich, all's either won or lost;
The poor have naught—the rich have all to lose,
Though those repine, while these on down repose.

3D TRAVELLER.

When cunning casuists, such as he,
Can rule so well, mobility;
Make all believe whate'er he says is true;
Then, surely, we may give the Devil his due,
And think that he supreme doth rule
In Britain's ministerial school—
'Tis said, the ministers all hold of him
Their places; and depend upon his whim—
That they have promis'd, for his gracious favour,
To shew him all their very best behaviour—
And sacrifice one hundred millions!
To his fanatical opinions—

To lose ten thousand seamen! from the Navy,
To mix West Indians—amongst his gravy—
To sink, one third, the shipping of the nation,
To give the ass a saint-like reputation—
That they, eight millions! annually would lose,
Rather, than his protection to refuse;
Saying, Old England shall the difference pay,
Rather than slaves be slaves another day.

Oh, madness! folly! oh infatuation!
How long will ye reign o'er our hapless nation!
How long shall wild fanaticism reign?
Foreign contempt to reap, and give us pain.
Look once again; again I recommend,
And poor old Erin's situation mend;
There, be your every care bestow'd,
To case the overwhelming load
Of mighty miseries! that there abound,
Before ye dare! to look elsewhere, around.
Behold! her millions, writhing in distress;
No friendly hand their wretched state to bless—
None to heal up her deep and bleeding wounds,
Which, all the world, but English fools, astounds.
There—there are miseries which claim
To be the good man's care, the rich one's aim.
There, might the sycophantic tribe extend
Their aim, th' oppressed and wretched to befriend.
Has Wilberforce e'er turn'd his eyes on them,
Th' oppressions of exacting lords to stem?
Has he e'er pitied their forlorn estate,

Or cared, one farthing, for their hapless fate?
No! all his love devolves on Afric's sons,
Whose blood, no doubt, throughout his carcase runs.

Is this the man to guide old England's course,
And have the fingering of her lavish purse?
For what? to fill his lying minions' pockets,
And deck their forfeit necks with royal lockets?
Look at the millions, long since thrown away,
And millions more, still spending at this day,
On Africa! while many a Briton's son,
The risk of life and fortune, for her run;
Not to amend *her* fortunes; but to make
The fortunes of those wretches who betake
Themselves to lies, mis-statements, guilt, and fraud,
Looking to *him*, their vices to applaud.

How much to Spain did stupid England pay,
For captur'd slaves, and captur'd ships delay?
How many men of war, idly employed,
At great expense, go there to be destroyed?
How many of her martial sons, in Afric have
Found an untimely, ignominious grave?—
And all! for what? To please a frantic set—
Damnest enthusiasts! the world e'er met.
One annual million, scarcely will defray
The mad expenditure, there thrown away;
And all without an object, lest it be
The setting Afric's generations free—

Hast'ning, thereby t' impoverish and enslave
Britons!—once free, and rich, as truly brave.

Now, Britons! with eight annual millions lost!
The proceeds of our Isles; pray! where's the cost?
Th' enormous cost! of England's government to be
Found out? or whence; come to her treasury?

Your saintly sophisters, will doubtless say,
Whether her population's bond or free,
Jamaica will the self same profits pay—
The same to England, she will always be.
But this, I flatly, in their teeth deny,
And soon will give convincing reasons why.

MINSTREL.

Here, distant thunders up the valley rolled,
Which seem'd as though the Genie! was recalled;
For scarce the sounds had died along the plain,
Than she shot off, with utmost might and main.
The reason why, I don't presume to say;
Only, her flight, must further converse stay,
Until she deigns to reassume the theme,
Raised up, for Gods and men, by Bos' dream.

THE MANIACS.

No. 7.

MINSTREL.

Once more, I see bright Ariel cut the air,
Bending fast down the Genie to declare;
Who comes again, to give the conversation
Held up above, on our fast falling nation—
Her bright approach, shooting a sparkling beam,
Shews her to Bos, amid the liquid stream;
Who, at the sight, is full as much delighted
As he, who finds his highest hopes unblighted.

Bos.

Genie! thy presence I shall ever hail
A good, that hope predicts, will never fail
My much pleased eye, glad heart, and charmed ear—
Dispelling every dread and anxious fear.
To thee, 'tis needless, I should ever say,
"My secret thoughts to thee I will display"
Thou know'st them all, and know'st how deep I feel,
Though vulgar deem'd, for poor old England's weal!

Yet, bless'd by powers above! some truths to know,
I would these truths, and my conceptions show,
To every hypocritic wretch below—
Justly so call'd, since all must plainly see,
Their *words* and *actions* never did agree.
They *give* advice which they will *never take*;
No! not for God's! nor their salvation's sake!
Yet, upright men revile, who will not bear
Losses, of which themselves would never hear.

GENIE.

Friend Bos! thy voice doth very seldom roar;
But now, thou woundest deeper than before
Those vile, dissembling beings, whom each God
Feels in his hands, the most afflictive rod,
That he can wield, against a frantic race,
Unbless'd by truth, true charity, or grace;
And they, the nation! shall th' injustice feel
Which maniac placemen now attempt to seal
On those whose property they strive to steal—
Not simply steal; but strive to *tear* away
By laws unjust in principle, unjust in sway—
Impolitic, unwise, tending to ruin
The nation! and consummate her undoing.
These are the sentiments, pervading where
The Genii and the Fates the toils prepare
To whelm the maniac crew in deep despair.
But, to give mortal beings time to reason,
Their sentiments I give, in their due season;

Which, by the travellers, you express'd will find
As true deductions from a reasoning mind.

3D TRAVELLER—*(in continuation.)*

Suppose our island were like Hayti plac'd,
And all, by sable rulers now disgrac'd;
What would the consequence to England be?
Herself enslaved! to make those countries free;
Whose savage race will neither spin nor toil;
Far too inert to cultivate the soil.
That island, now produces not one tenth
Of what it did, when France controul'd her strength.
Then, must not England's isles fall off the same,
Until they dwindle to an empty name?
A blank in kindly nature's lap; and worse,
To all the world, and to themselves, a curse;
And, if they shall fall off, full nine-tenths less,
Than what they now are said to yield;
Nine-tenths their present revenue must press,
Without, or hope, or warding shield;
On England's fools, and whelm them in distress.
Nine-tenths their present shipping, all destroy'd;
Nine-tenths their gallant seamen unemployed,
Or gone to serve some rising foreign power,
That may assail her in disastrous hour,
Whose generous souls would ne'er desert their home
Unless forc'd from their lov'd and cherish'd dome
By machinations of that maniac crew,
Who ruin for old England strive to brew.

Thus, with eight annual millions lost,
By sixteen thousand British seamen cross'd!
And she, in war's tumultuous ocean tost!
Her trade all gone; her revenue destroyed;
And her mechanic sons all unemployed!
Where, then, her navy! where her mighty means?
Where all her glory! where luxurious dreams?
Ah, England! then a horrid scene of dread
Shall hover round thy lost, thy frantic head!
Then shalt thou mourn thy mad fantastic folly!
In furious grief, and moping melancholy.
Then, shalt thou feel, the follies of the day
That madly threw West-India means away—
The surest, readiest, only means that could
A screen 'gainst thy calamities unfold:
But come they will! thy maniacs, the sole cause
Of miseries! conceal'd in mad applause.
At this, thy idiots, like true maniacs laugh!
Who, like true wine, the pois'nous potion quaff;
And they have swallowed venom! that will swell
Their villain pride, 'till they go down to hell.

1st Traveller.

England, has pledged herself, to guarantee,
To us, possession of our property!
And, curs'd be he! who dares to vote away
The property we rightfully enjoy;
As much our own, as theirs the waving fields
That golden wheat, by human labour yields.

If she shall now retract—in honour failing,
Lost credit, must create a sad bewailing,
For what she might have had; but in this action,
Is sacrificed to an infatuate faction
The principles of honour, truth, and candour;
A dereliction, base as that of pander,
Who sells his wife and daughter for a place,
That whelms his name for ever in disgrace.

Our fathers, brothers, relatives came here
Under a pledge, thought sacred and sincere,
That property! would be as much our own—
As fixed—as George's right to England's throne;
But if, a frantic parliament belie
The faith of such a pledge! then die
The honour, pride, and glory of a nation,
'Till now the first, in credit as in station.
As well may they depose our noble king!
And ruin on each single Briton bring;
Tear every individual's property away,
And every Jacobinic freak display,
As put unjust, impure, unhallowed hands
On what a British subject *here* commands.

2D TRAVELLER.

Nay! nay! my dear honey, avast there a while,
I've a little objection to make to your style;
Which seems to be waiker than I can agree
To those humbugging fellows, applied shall be.

You spaik about parliament's undisbelying
Those pledges, their betters a cent'ry were trying;
And found out the best that could possibly be,
For their own pretty selves, and also for we.
And shall their past labours for nothing avail,
But to cause all the maniacs to fume and to rail?
To censure like madmen, the conduct of those,
To whom they are asses, dress'd up in fine clothes?
But I can't condescend to give way quite so far;
My conscience and theirs, being always ajar—
They, assuming a power, that I cannot concede
To such an enthusiast, unreasonable breed.

If the people of England depute
Men to settle her weighty affairs;
'Tis their duty! *alone for her good*, to dispute—
Not to strive at her ruin, by showing mad airs.
But, instead of attempting to do what is good,
Every one strives to do the most evil;
The *good!* of old England is ever withstood,
And soon, all must go to the devil!
The parliament, m*n*rs, sycophants, all,
Are courting the ruin, just ready to fall;
And soon, poor old England! is laid in the dust;
Condemned there, for ever, to dwindle and rust;
But to save her, if Pat had his way,
To the devil they'd go without any delay—
At least, all the maniacs should face left about,
For were I, *one day* king! *I'd* kick them *all* out!

You talk, sir, of putting, unjustly, their hand
On what British subjects, as Britons! command—
Why, by J—s, if they should touch mine,
I'd make their d—d phizzes all colours combine—
I'd lather the scoundrels, all red, black, and blue,
Until the base robbers should all have their due.
If the men of old England possess,
Or houses, or lands, or money, or dress;
Dare the robbers away such possessions to tear,
Without a good chance of their dangling in air?
If not, how dare parliament pirates to claim,
What, before was my vathers, and now is my ain?
And sure, what's my ain, just as truly is mine,
As England! to thee, is a pledge most divine.
As well, brother Bull, down thy house, they may tear,
As presume to rob me of a table or chair:
My slaves and my lands, full as justly are mine,
As thy stock in the funds, or thy fire-side, is thine.
The laws of old England, all warrant to me,
As firm, my estate, as they, thine unto thee;
And damned be the rascal that makes any bother,
How he may destroy either one or the other.
Dare they take thy house from thee?
Ravish daughter or wife?
Dare they even to wrong thee?
Much less take thy life!
If not, dare piratical parliament men,
Tear from me my houses, my slaves, or my pen?
They may plunder as justly from thine and from thee,
As deprive of our rights, or my neighbour, or me;

And mark me; if *here* they begin!
With us, be assured they won't end!
If, to rob us, they think it no sin?
They'll rob all! who themselves can't defend;
Thus tyranny sneaks on, by slowly degree
Until it o'erwhelms both the brave and the free;
And thus it behooves thee, to set them aright
For thy family's sake, and in their despite.

Now, if thou dislike us; why, let us turn over
To those who will help us, and keep us in clover.
Will not cousin Jonathan! give us his aid,
To shield us from all that would make us afraid?
Sure, I think, if we ax him, he may
Give us all that we want, for much less than we pay
To thee, thou greedy curmudgeon, John Bull;
Thy aim is just only to tear and to pull
Whate'er thou canst wrest from West-Indians away—
Dissatisfied still! with our gifts and our pay;
But Britons! remember, with this we'll dispense,
When the maniacs once more, shall regain their good sense!
Though Reason! has now left the region of Britain,
And *Passion!* her sons, has too gen'rally smitten—
And long it may be, before reason return,
To give us contentment, along this rude bourne;
For Passion! alone, seems all actions to guide,
While Reason! poor Reason! is quite thrown aside.

THE MANIACS.

No 8.

3D TRAVELLER.

Dear Pat! in thy discourse we truly find
Thy country's manner, and thy country's mind—
Hard is her lot, and all the world must feel
A mighty want, her bleeding wounds to heal;
Which, to close up, would give more sure renown
Than can be gain'd from England, or her crown;
But, for this want, none seek that perfect balm
That may her agonizing troubles calm,
Except our Devonshire and a few friends,
Who have been balk'd in all their goodly ends.
Instead of this, each dotard, dreaming fool
Becomes the cunning arch-fiend's ready tool
To stir up mischief, or bring ruin down
On the first subjects of the British crown;
In doing which, they seal Britannia's doom,
Who ne'er thereafter shall her might resume;—
And is it not a sad and sorry thought?
That England's *Ministers*, with pity fraught

For stranger Africans! should quite neglect
The rights that honour binds them to protect:
As Jack says—why, poor tools, I pitys them;
Unable, Bember's hellish wiles to stem.
Doth not Dame Nature kindly recommend
That we, our children, should with life defend?
(And are not we! the children of the state,
However much our country slights our fate?)
Does she not order that both beast and man,
This universal law should make the plan,
And rule of action, that should ever guide
Our thoughts in poverty—our whims in pride?
And yet, how few! the least attention pay
To her imperial mandate, or mild sway.
Lo! how she beckons from those realms above
To follow in those rites; those traits of love
In which e'en brutes, aye, brutes point out the way
Wherein we should our kindest love display;
But, wild enthusiasm takes place of nature,
And man degrades, below the beastial creature;
Making him far more dangerous than those,
Who, a straight-jacket tightly should inclose.

Now, this all happens through that maniac train,
Professing piety! but solely bent on gain;
Which shows th' hypocrisy of that base clan
Whose fell delight are robberies to plan;
And, hapless for the nation, have the power
To gull our rulers at this luckless hour.

These, led away by false humanity,
Show to the world their own insanity!—
And, don't the nations round laugh them to scorn?
And pity poor old England! quite forlorn?
Left without patriot spirit, now to guide
The crazy vessel through the raging tide.

To prove that robb'ries are their villain aim,
We need but say, too truly, don't they claim
A right, that to no earthly powers belong?—
A *right* it cannot be, but the base wrong,
To tear from us the property we hold,
As sacredly our own, as their's their gold!
What villainous rascality is this!
Can any nightly thief do so, and miss
The halter that hangs ready for his neck?
And, haply, at some thievish judge's beck.

What strange infatuation! can so blind
Our countrymen, they cannot yet discover,
The sycophants! the basest of mankind!
From England's friends—from England's real lover!
If, to deceive, to lie, to cheat, be good?
If, to excite rebellion—thirst for blood—
Do all one can to brethren that's unjust—
Betray one's country, and a sacred trust,
Be right? then Wilberforce, and Braam and Hume,
Do well become the senatorial dome.
Else, they must sit like princes great in hell,
Brooding dire ruin to who around them dwell:

Whose thoughts are only, how they may do ill
To those who hurt them not, in deed or will.

These tender hearted ruffians say, they feel
For all the hardships of the Negro race;
But, 'gainst the rights of Englishmen they stee
Those hearts they would depict, as full of grace;
But Heaven's all-searching eye! clearly beholds
The hypocritic soul, their clay enfolds—
Quite full of *grace*, we readily admit;
But only that, for true demoniacs fit—
Such as the devil shew'd to mother Eve,
To make her his infernal lies believe.

The crafty Wilberforce, that prince of rogues,
Through whom contagious poison disembogues
Upon this portion of devoted earth,
To ruin doom'd at his accursed birth—
That stickler for humanity to blacks!
Can see his *countrymen* expos'd to racks,
To pillories, to whippings, to starvation;
Nor feel for them one pang's commiseration.
Witness! poor Mainwaring; a man *born* free,
And, in the *miscall'd* "Land of Liberty;"
Of which, perhaps, himself had boasted,
Before the magistrates his shoulders roasted,
With such a whisking cat-o'-nine tails
As he'll remember 'till his wind fails—
And now, West Indian croakers, all for what?—
Because, four hours he had misspent! that's flat!—

For this *great* crime, this freeman was consign'd
In prison! fourteen days to be confin'd—
Then, after that, as though 'twas not enough,
It was resolv'd to treat him still more rough;
For he was manacled, and dragg'd along,
As though the vilest of the felon throng,
To Wakefield jail—there chain'd, and stripp'd, and slash'd,
Until his back with bloody gores was gash'd
With marks indelible—his wrists all gory
With hand-cuff wounds—a pretty English story!
Now, I defy e'en one West Indian slave,
Howe'er the frantic saints may rant and rave,
To prove that, in Jamaica, e'er was seen
Such wanton cruelties, as here describ'd have been.

What made it worse, his *time* was all his own,
As by the savage Stansfield's books are shown;
For, when his business was at-all obstructed,
E'en for an hour, that hour was aye deducted.
If proof be wanting, Barraclough can say
What hand he had in such a d—d display;
And Sadler too, and Tennant, can aver,
If I correctly speak, or if I err.
Pity! but names like these about were bandied,
To be with infamy forever branded;
That Englishmen and foreigners may know
The *justice* and *humanity* our English Dons can show.

If magistrates! such cruelties inflict
In England! on each thoughtless derelict;

Or e'en permit such savage acts to be
Inflicted on an *Englishman*, born free,
For such a trifling, and in fact, no cause;
Where then the justice of their boasted laws! ! !

Yet that base varlet—that same would-be saint,
Wishes our slaves to live without restraint;
To gormandize in idleness and riot,
Destructive of all discipline and quiet;
Nor e'er to feel the consequence of sloth,
Or villanies! whereby we may be wroth.

He and his fellows, can look coolly on
And see their brother Britons! trod upon;
Nay, see them starve, and die by th' hundred,
Cut, slash'd, and maim'd, and hung, and plunder'd—
For these, no pity! actuates their breast—
No Briton's sufferings! e'er disturb'd their rest;
But, if a negro's tooth, or fingers ache,
Then, all their fears and sympathies awake;
And far more keenly, or they are belied,
Than if their mothers, or their sisters died!
How long, Oh! Britain, shall such folly be,
Exhibited by fools who rule in thee?

Once, Britain's ministers appear'd to know,
Whence grew her power! and whence it yet might grow!
And, with solicitude, look'd well around,
That nothing might the budding germ confound;

Keeping a guard, that had five hundred eyes!
Which never clos'd, to watch the precious prize!
Rich prize! which, when at first obtain'd,
Was red, with British blood distain'd,
And *shall*, by that same blood! be yet maintain'd;
'Till wiser men than maniacs! if they please,
Shall on the reins of empire deign to seize—
These, now-a-days, chang'd, since the days of yore,
Regard the blood of Britons now no more—
Country is nothing—nor is British glory,
How-much-soe'er renown'd, in ancient story.

1st Traveller.

I wish, my friends, that I could speak so loud,
That every Briton heard! in every crowd!
Then, would I thus, their anxious ears address,
And, all their inconsistencies express.

Appeal.

"Britons! what good can such a system do,
As lately, madly, was design'd by you?
Full, eighty millions! sterling property! to throw
Into the sea! or give it to your foe!
This capital, well manag'd, would produce,
Ten annual sterling millions! for your use;
And ease those burdens, to this vast extent,
Which, else must fall on you, through parliament.
This is a truth, no maniac can deny,
However much their sophistry may try
T' invalidate it. So, now then, I pray,

If they can't contradict what here I say?
How will they make the huge deficit good,
But by your desolation, or your blood?
To pay in taxes, so much more than now,
Will cause your heads to earth's cold verge to bow;
And if ye should resist, or loud complain—
Complaint, and bold resistance, might distain
Your houses and your fields, with as much gore
As dyed old England's soil in days of yore.

Ye may your countrymen exclude from trade—
Ye may your country to a waste degrade—
Ye may exhaust the riches of the nation,
In striving for *dear* Afric's preservation—
Ye may bring all the nations on your back,
And make your London a mere prey and wrack—
Ye may become the world's abomination,
And brother Britons drive to desperation!
But may as soon sink mountains in the waves,
As Africans prevent from being slaves!
From immemorial time, such things have been,
And to the end of time, such will be seen;
Nor can your maniacs, or your parliament,
With all their impudence, such things prevent.
Will all the world be trampled on by them?
Dare they the policy of all the world condemn?
As well, though maniacs, they may strive to fly,
And make assault upon the Deity!

Then, how much better frantic schemes should cease,
And long secure your happiness and peace,
By stopping innovations, that must tend
To bring immense revenues to an end!
Rather than ruin and extinction bring,
Upon your children, country, and your king!
In hearkening to abominable lies
By Wilberforce invented, and his spies.

These maniacs, however, will you tell,
Of fab'lous cruelties! which in their scull-caps dwell;
But nowhere else, believe me, they exist,
However much to their deceit ye list—
And list, ye do, too much to erring passion;
Casting off Reason! as quite out of fashion.

And now, I'll take the liberty to say,
No people, deem'd so wise, on earth display
So little curiosity as ye!
To know the *real truth*, of things that be—
No sooner rais'd a rumour, false or true,
Than 'tis, as gospel truth, receiv'd by you;
Without attempting to exert your reason,
To find the rumour patriotism, or treason.
And treason 'tis, against those interests true,
Your colonies would wish to yield to you;
But these vile wretches lead you all astray,
And England's truest interests bewray.

The wiles of Wilberforce, Macauley, Buxton,
More hellish are, than those of Mother Truxton,*
Who, my old Somerset cousins tell,
On all the country round, could lay a spell;
Which these, as true, like ideots all believe,
As those enthusiasts, England's gulls deceive.
Ye call these countrymen of mine rank fools
For their belief, that " witches ride toad-stools."
But what may they in justice, call all those,
Who, their belief, in Wilberforce repose?
—Of those, who can the fell Macauley call
Aught, but the vilest of this earthly ball!
Who, for his cruelties to negro slaves,
Was driv'n from Hyde estate beyond the waves.
—Of those, who can, a Meabry's tale retail—
A miscreant from a brothel, or a jail!
For when to this, our hapless Isle, he came,
He brought a brothel-evil I'll not name;
But, he did not, though harbinger of lies,
To one degree of fixt employ arise;
Nor did the loathsome, whining wretch benight
Our sky three weeks, until he took his flight;
Living the while dependant on the man,
Whose ruination he now strives to plan.
Like Satan! to his brother devils true,
He came with evil eye, our state to view—
To seek the means of such a sure attack,
As, true or false, should all our fortunes wreck

* Mother Shipton.

On that fell rock the foul fiend had prepar'd,
Should be by Britons undeserv'dly shar'd.
—Who can believe the lying Cooper true;
A drunken wretch, that hiccups up his spew,
Like deadly venom from the pois'nous asp,
Slily instill'd in all within his grasp.
This beastly wretch, a Nero true at heart,
While here, like him, play'd well his tyrant part.
If his poor negro servant disobey'd
His call, or the least fault committed,
He to the works was sent, down to be laid,
And if a *belly-woman*, to be pitted;
There to be punish'd by that very whip!
That often graces Buxton's lying lip;
Until the manager, far more humane,
No more, for him, would use the whip or cane.
—And when his wife the brandy-bottle hid
Beneath the foldings of the coverlid,
That she, her share of gooddies might secure
From her dear rib—her sentiments, how pure!—
How dignified, the preacher's pious wife!
Example bright! for female modes and life.
But worst—altho' the flask *herself* had hid,
Each servant, for this act, she loudly chid,
And every one was order'd flagellation
For stealing this same casket's sweet libation.
—And Stephen, too, call'd barrister at law,
Brother to Braam, in false deceitful jaw;
Who, having made his fortune in Barbadoes,
Beats all his ancient friends with their stoccadoes,

Striving to hide his base, ungrateful deeds,
Under the shade of sanctimonious weeds.

Such are the tools the Wilberforcians use,
Truth, candour, honour, virtue to abuse;
And such the source of those infernal lies
On which the Braam's and Buxton's stigmatize
As savages! those men more honourable far,
Than those who seek their happiness to mar.

Oh! then, beware, the deep laid snare,
That's set by them for you;
They'll strive to gull you, while they dare,
And lies assert as true.

Believe! my friends, what now I say,
And sure it is no joke;
To *you*, the lamb they all display,
With wolves beneath the cloak.

Why has old Wilberforce display'd,
For freedom! so much zeal?
Not for your good! but to get paid,
Under a maniac's seal,

By a large fortune, that devolves
To him who first deprives
West-Indians! (and by your resolves)
Of fortunes! rights! and lives!

In doing which, as said before,
Ten millions will be lost,
That annual flows into your store,
At our expense and cost.

And which, yourselves! must then make good!
Whether ye will or no!
Or else, it is well understood,
Some English blood may flow.

How would ye like to be depriv'd
Of all! both house and home?
Of wealth, that from your friends deriv'd,
And now become your own?

Would ye be pleas'd to let the rabble
Your properties destroy?
Would ye consent that they should dabble,
In what ye should enjoy?

All that, for which ye dangers shar'd,
Would ye, supine, give up?
Are ye submissively prepar'd,
To drink the fatal cup?

Would ye submit to degradation,
Unconscious of offence?
Would ye calm view your ruination!
And wield no self-defence!

No, Englishmen! we know so well
Your high and gallant spirit,
That none *your rights*, shall dare to sell,
Nor ye to disinherit.

Why then, should we, tamely submit,
To have all! torn away—
Because a maniac, in a fit,
His rage chose to display?

Rather, I trust, while we have hands,
And hearts those hands to guide,
Our God, and our united bands,
Will well our cause decide.

Ye! have most grossly been deceiv'd,
By infamous untruth!
And loathsome liars are believ'd,
In spite of sense and truth,

If e'en a man, of honour tried,
Goes from our Indian shore,
And in our favour should decide,
Hear him! they say, no more!

So Conran, Owen, may be told,
"You are a biass'd man"—
Scoundrels! who say they have been sold,
To any villain's plan.

Too high a sense of honour they,
To say one word of wrong!
While Wilberforcians all display
A lying heart and tongue,

And make pretence that they alone,
Can see, and know what's true—
Send them out here—when this is done,
They each will get their due.

Those villains who an interest take
In calumny and lies,
Would lead you to the reckless stake,
Rejoicing in your cries,

If ye were in their tyrant pow'r,
As much as now are we—
But, may ye not, in luckless hour,
As much their victims be?

If ye are not accomplices
In their nefarious crimes.
Ye will decline their auspices,
In favour of these climes,

And justice try to render
For all the evils done,
To men as mild and tender
As dwell beneath the sun.

Then search for truth—consult with sense,
And general meetings call,
As well, to make us recompense,
As they, to seek our fall.

If ye mistrust, who have a stake,
In any Indian isle—
Trust those with none, for honour's sake!
Though hence, these won't beguile.

England contains full many a man,
Who, would ye patient hear!
That ye would quickly change your plan,
We neither doubt nor fear.

Elicit Truth! distrust the liar!
And let but Reason rule,
The maniac will in fume expire,
And prove himself a fool.

To Reason! then, and Truth! and you!
Our trial we confide;
Resolv'd, your judgment being *true*,
Your sentence to abide,

Whether, or not, we have deserv'd,
For any acts of ours,
Like basest traitors to be serv'd,
By any ruling pow'rs!

MINSTREL.

The period of relation now expir'd,
The Genie to the Fairy groves retir'd;
There, with her sister Muses to relax
From toil, which o'er-pursu'd, becomes a tax
Impos'd on spirits, strength, and motion,
Requiring to redeem, some time's devotion;
But she, ere long, will leave the woodbine bower,
And stranger chat renew, some future hour.

THE MANIACS.

No. 9.

MINSTREL.

ADOWN the burn the Genie hies again,
The stranger's further converse to relate;
Floating as light towards the watry main,
As Fairy queen, in bright majestic state;
And Bos beholding, browsing on the shore,
Accosted him, as kindly as before.

GENIE.

Friend Bos! once more at thy request I come,
Our converse to renew on England's doom;
As fixt, by the unerring will of Fate,
As maniac's minds are, in West-Indian hate;
On which, and justice, I'll the stranger's words relate.

3D TRAVELLER.

My friend! with all my heart I acquiesce
In every sentiment of thy address;
Which is the least the people ought to hear,
Whom rank enthusiasts lead, but by the ear—

Truth never emanates from that base skull
Whose false harangues are only made to gull
The populace, and to excite aversion
Towards those who deserve not their aspersion;
But well you know, that those who dare to lie,
Will as soon rob, if justice they can fly.
Thus do these maniacs, to effect their robbery!
Like hell, kick up a dev'lish bobbery,
At us West-Indians, raving and swearing,
As if our very souls! they would be tearing—
And why? for what?—Because our fathers bought
Those slaves! *which they themselves* in Afric caught,
And to our shores for sale, in misery brought.

If they repent the evil they have done,
Why now at us, like raging tygers run?
Instead of this, why not devote the ill-got gain
That racks, so much, their consciences with pain!
To purchase back, and set those beings free,
Who owe to them their hateful destiny!
So may they hope t'escape those pains of hell,
That in their tortured bosoms constant dwell.
Let mercy! now, devote each callous heart
To play a penitent and christian part,
And these induce, those profits to bestow
On their emancipation, who, all owe
The bondage they now feel, to *them* alone—
Their kidnappers! as all the world must own.
They brought them to our door! we sought them not,
However hard! howe'er severe their lot!

The villain Liverpool and London Quakers,
Were, in the cursed slave-trade, chief partakers!
So come, base Friends! lug out your treasure,
And pay their value in full measure—
We'll gladly sell! and if ye do not buy!
Your damn'd hypocrisy *from* heaven must hie!
To purchase places comfortably warm,
Your grovelling souls to tickle and to charm.
Hypocrites! d—d hypocrites! who dare,
While they their ill-begotten treasures spare,
To recommend, nay, dare to call for law
From parliament! an ex post facto law!!
To set at nought, the titles we now hold
For slaves, to us! by these same villains sold.

But mark, recording angel! mark the fraud!
Which none but imps from hell, could e'er applaud.
These swindlers first tore Afric's sons away,
The fruits of such base traffic to enjoy—
They brought them here—and for large profit sold,
In heavy bonds, or in "bright gods of gold."
To these, their "household gods," they worship pay,
And, 'till their mortgages are paid, delay
To think of Negro freedom, or distress;
Or how they might their situation bless;
But now, no sooner are these bonds all paid,
And in East India stock the proceeds laid,
Than these vile robbers strive to tear away
The property for which *themselves* receiv'd the pay!

Did ever scoundrels! such as these, appear
In hell itself! or any other sphere?

Invocation to the Spirit! of Este.

Spirit! of Este, now descend and wake
Thy sons soft slumb'ring on the Lethean lake,
Unconscious of the ruin! dark and deep!
That gathers round them while they calmly sleep;
Deceiv'd by men, unworthy of their care,
Whose grand design is only to ensnare!—
Inspire their souls with heavenly light! to see
The dread result of these mad schemes that be;
Or else, thy royal dynasty! no more
May ring thy ancient fame from shore to shore.

The wiliest fiend that dwelt in hell
Has risen from thence, to try a spell
That must ingulf them all! and be
Extinction to eternity!
This subtle being, slyly plots their fall,
And so secretes his measures from them all
That while they think he is their business doing,
He plans the church's and *their* utter ruin.

Covering himself with Piety's white robe,
He sends his fellow demons round the globe
To tell his saintly doings to the world—
Prepare his dolts to see his flag unfurl'd;
And preach such doctrines, as must ruin bring
On all who hear them preach, or pray, or sing!

Clothed in the garb of piety! like him,
O'er the wide world insidiously they skim,
Pretending to preach up, "of souls," the cure;
But truly! this world's good things, to secure!
To gain ascendancy o'er all the earth!
And so prepare the monster's "second birth"!
Deceiving many by the Satanic powers,
Whereby himself th' unthinking soul devours.

While thus, abroad, his deep laid scheme goes on,
At home, whole thousands are imposed upon;
And, poison'd! so, is now the public mind,
That millions are to his delusions blind.

Come down, ethereal spirit! and infuse
Into thy sons, the fix'd resolve to choose
That course which shall secure old England's fame,
And add another laurel to thy name!
Preserve that Church! which they have *sworn* to save,
From all pollutions that would *her* deprave!
Secure her members from dismay and ruin,
And keep her from fanatical undoing—
Rebuke dissension! and enforce her rules
Through England's universities and schools!
So may thy dynasty for evermore
Rule, on Britannia's rough and rocky shore;
Else, innovators, or fanatic fools,
Whose frantic souls fanaticism rules,

Will soon o'erwhelm, in their unhallow'd hate,
Their kingdom! both in church and state!
Determine them, base traitors to declare,
Those vile and worthless counsellors who dare
That confidence of Britons to impair,
Which they reposed in the pledge of kings!
Until a maniac ruin on them brings;
Lest Cromwell's days should shortly come again,
And puritanic frenzy end their reign!"

I wish to Heaven! I had the power to show
The bloody malice! which their galls bestow;
And cause the hearts of all alive to glow
With vengeance! on the robbers of those rights,
By law sustain'd! but which, each maniac slights—
Commanding parliament to do away,
What they dare not; unless they for it pay!
As well may we, West Indians, go home
And tear those madmen from their lordly dome;
As they, to fabricate a law that shall
Our sacred rights impair, or cause our fall—
All we require, and all we need, are powers!
For us to right! the same as theirs, are ours!—
They rule by power! and just as well might *we*,
If, but as strong!—But, d—n the tyranny,
That just because they *merely* have the power!
Their fellow subjects they would now devour.
But well they know that we are far too weak;
Or, otherwise perhaps, for such a freak,

Another farce, yclept, a Yankee war,
Might soon have dimm'd old England's waning star.
But, when this weakness England so well knows,
Why! on a ruined colony impose
The damned'st impositions ever state
Us'd, *her own Islands* to depopulate!—
England has oft been call'd a generous nation;
Great, just, and wise, and good, in ev'ry station;
But, since fanaticism has held the sway,
These traits of justice! all are swept away,
And she become the scoff of a wide world;
Whose flags, against her, soon may be unfurl'd!
Then, she will know the value of a trade,
Which, wanted, her bright laurels soon must fade!

And now, the sentiments you have expressed,
Which you, to Englishmen would have addressed;
I'll plainly tell you, what myself would say,
Could I, my round ideas but display
Before the legislatures of these Isles,
Devoted to despair, by d—d demoniac wiles.
If I had lungs, and eloquence enough,
I'd give those d—d Buxtonians a rebuff
That should set all their saintly souls aghast,
Ere hell itself! their hollow hopes should blast;
But want of powers, and want of prating tongue,
My force must be, on these mild accents hung.

Legislative Address.

"Fear not, ye legislators of the west;
Retain your firmness, if ye would be blest!
For Britain's genius! may again arise,
And hurl your foes beneath the nether skies!
She may, from her long lethargy awake,
And like an Eagle! strong her pinions shake—
Striking with terror, all the maniac crew,
That then shall sneak away, to hide from you;
And feeble ministers be all turn'd out,
Their posts to give, to men more wisely stout;
And who may have prescience enough to see.
The fatal end, of these mad schemes that be.

What right! have ministers to pledge our ruin?—
No more! than pledge to France! England's undoing!
Or, enter ev'ry English house; and, yea or nay,
Tear riches, furniture, and e'en their lord away!
But let *their* pledges be whate'er they will,
Let *us* be Englishmen, and Britons still!
Nor suffer them to dictate any law,
As though they tyrants were—we Johnnys raw!
Regard them not—perhaps another year
May rid us of their threat'nings, and our fear—
Such things have been—some have been huddled out
And others in; to bring good ends about.
Instead of that, old England's pledge we have,
That she, our rights will well preserve, and save
From all external and internal foes,
As well as maniacs, who would work our woes;

And we must hold her to her solemn pledge,
Whatever contraries she might alledge.

Mean time, a snare as damnable, is laid,
As ever yet confiding truth betray'd—
'Tis said, that where the devil cannot go,
For fear he should expose his cloven toe,
He sends an imp, to prompt each horrid deed;
But leaves the actors suff'ring in his stead—
To bear the blame of all the evil done,
And feel the cutting taunts of ev'ry one.
So 'tis with all the maniac crew at home,
Who sit beneath the parliamentary dome;
They are afraid, our rights! to do away;
But *threaten* that they will, just to betray
You, of yourselves! to do the fatal deed;
That from its stigma! they may all be freed;
And when you have effected your own ruin,
They tauntingly will say—"'Twas your own doing!"
And chuckle in their sleeve, like that foul fiend,
Who, mother Eve, pretended to befriend.

The trap discover'd! what have we to do?
But, the dire ill, determine to eschew;
And, to do this, I humbly now propose
The Registration bill! to give its final dose—
A social dose of final repealation,
To stagger those d—d pests of England's nation;
Nor ever more, should *any* frantic notion
Receive from us, attention or devotion.

The consequences! oh, my friends, dread not;
Britannia mayn't be mad! although a sot—
But now, for certain, she is drunk with pride,
The dark forerunner of her suicide—
If this should happen, let us keep aloof,
And while we can, of wisdom give a proof,
New, for our common safety, to provide,
Until the threat'ning storm in peace subside;
When England shall again to sense! return,
And over all her freaks of madness mourn;
Or, 'till we may, on her presum'd demise,
Give up ourselves to ——— a welcome prize.

If, now, the English want our aid no more,
They can't object to grant what we implore—
To suffer us our confidence to place
In some more needy, and more kindly race;
Who will our rights! and properties secure,
As they have been, till lately, heretofore.

America! no doubt, would sing for joy,
Could she! her riches with our own employ,
In here establishing that gainful trade,
Which England's fortune! has completely made;
(But which she now is lavishing away,
Like a crack'd gambler, madly bent on play;
While we all feel a ruinous distress.
Which she may easily, nay, *gainfully* redress.)
Hence, we may have our ev'ry want supplied;
And, hence, she would be fully satisfied,

With the return of gratitude, and pay,
A grateful people ever would display—
Even our slaves! would in the change rejoice,
And for it, if permitted, raise their voice—
Why then should England! as was said before,
Deny to give the boon that we implore?

Again, upon their justice we must call,
Not for ourselves alone, but one and all.
Whoe'er have breath'd of Britain's genial air;
Our lives! our properties! our all! to spare—
To give us back the rights they've torn away—
For all our lands and slaves! the value pay—
Or, let us our dependance! elsewhere lay.
One of these propositions, we demand—
Though, by the yea, or nay, we fall or stand;
Yet, better 'tis, that we at once should know
How things with us, and with our heirs, must go.
If either of these just demands are given,
The boon will be recorded "in high Heaven;"
But, if resolv'd our ruin to pursue—
To them, we say—Heav'ns vengeance fall on you;
Are ye! so proud, so vain, so mad to think,
Omnipotence! at such base deeds will wink?
No: vengeance! in his thunders, soon will fly!
And hurl you from the face of earth and sky!

Has ne'er rebellion! rais'd her gorgon head?
Has she not fill'd our father's hearts with dread?—
Has she not often threaten'd to destroy
The rights and priv'leges they did enjoy?

Oft, oft she *threatened;* but again roll'd back,
Repentant and dismayed, a bloody wrack;
And if again she dare upraise her head,
Again she shall recoil with equal dread,
And with such vengeance ye shall hurl her down,
She ne'er again shall rise, nor dare, nor frown.

So now prepare the sure and ready means
That only can defeat demoniac dreams,
Which madmen have endeavoured to instil
Into the private and the public will.
Let your exchequer fully be supplied,
And that, by means in which ye can confide—
Not by your paper trash, but solid gold,
Which only, can your properties uphold.
Be ye unanimous—do what is just;
But maniac propositions! e'er distrust—
Far better, now, some sacrifice be made,
Than that *delay* your councils should invade;
Procrastinating that, which if not done,
Your warp of Fate! will speedily be run."

2D TRAVELLER.

Now thank ye my hearties; I've truly enjoy'd,
The rhetoric speeches which ye have employ'd
But let me now mention with your approbation,
A few little things that escap'd observation.

Our Tertio, to members, has strongly commended,
As all on their unity greatly depended;

That wholly unanimous they should now be,
If their country from danger they wish'd to set free.
Now, how can the goddess of unity rule,
Where her subjects are not of the very same school?
I mean, where a number of interests clash,
Which, on Unity's face, make so frequent a dash.

In times, such as these, when great dangers are near,
A *man of small means*, should not there interfere;
But all should be left to those men who have much!
Whose losses, as large, their strong feeling would touch;
Or those, who from long or repeated employ,
The faith of such persons most fully enjoy—
No cloth-merchant minion, should ever a one,
Be there, to oppose the great work to be done;
Nor should any lawyer, with nothing to lose,
In the house of assembly, be poking his nose;
Consid'ring, that where they abundantly run,
Too much is oft said, and but too little done;
And the people! be careful, not one to elect,
Who has not, both *many* and *much* to protect.

MINSTREL.

Thus far the Genie her relation gave;
But, seeing a poor fisher's bark,
She instant fled beneath the silver wave,
Alarm'd, as at a rav'nous shark.

THE MANIACS.

No. 10.

MINSTREL.

ALONG the face of yonder fleecy sky,
The Genie's traverse fills the Muse's eye—
She comes, the strangers' converse now to end,
As out of hearing, they their courses bend;
And Bos, by instinct, knowing she was near,
Is anxious, from her, further news to hear—
With this intent he closes to the shore,
In attitude of sipping as before.

GENIE.

Friend Bos, (she cries) thy anxious cares require
That I should satisfy thy just desire
To know, what has transpir'd up this smooth stream,
As to the truth or falsehood of thy dream.
Know then, that still amongst the Gods prevail,
The self-same sentiments that did assail
Thine anxious ear, when, not long heretofore,
I did to thee their sad resolves explore;
But now, I give the last words of the band,
The trio, that has just pass'd up the land.

2D TRAVELLER—*(in continuation.)*

I further must say, that I'm sorry to see
Jews, colour'd and blacks who already are free,
At a moment when we have our all at the stake,
With the maniacs at home, should a common cause make;
And just at a moment, when they should say *nought*,
Or rather, should lend us their aid and their thought;
Those claims and pretensions should throw in the way,
Which they ought to defer to some happier day;
But I trust their *best interests*, as well as *good sense*,
Will induce them just now, with those claims to dispense;
And shew, that hereafter they will be deserving
Of benefits worthy their ever preserving.
And sure, to these people, I truly may say,
That those of their classes in England enjoy
Not one-tenth of the privileges they enjoy here;
The which, they should cherish, and ever hold dear,
Instead of caballing for more, which might make
Their high minded hearts with fierce anguish to quake.
How ungen'rous then is it, in them to ask more,
Until our Assemblies their own rights restore!
These people well know how much better the state
Of the slaves of our Islands, just now, than of late;
And the nature of things, all constantly tend,
That state of our slaves furthermore to amend;
Until by the end of, say, twenty years more,
No slave in our Isles, will his bondage deplore,

Without interference of that lying crew
To whom our misfortunes and troubles are due.

And now, I most faithfully vow and declare,
If the maniacs should raise up disturbances here,
And I should but happen, in doing my part,
To die by a ball, or the point of a dart;
To Britain I'll fly; and, when Wilberforce meet,
I'll lay the d—d robber! stone dead at my feet;
And to compensate Buxton for his hellish pains,
I will with my pop-gun blow out his mad brains;
And if, by their means, I my childer should lose,
The Braams and the Humes shall all die in their shoes;
And Stephen, McCauley, and Cooper, so fell,
With Meabry and ——, why, I'd drag them to hell!

1st Traveller.

Ho! fiery friend, you're talking much too fast
For reason sound, or solid sense to last—
These fellows, sure, have made you just as bad
As they themselves—fanatically mad!
And how, pray, Paddy, will you bring about,
Of these fanatics, the last end and rout,
When your dear self shall happen to be dead,
Although you, through their folly, may have bled?

2d Traveller.

Why, dear! when I to purgatory go,
I'll take these mad-men as a raree show,

And hand them over to their father there,
Who, doubtless, of his offspring will take care;
And sure you know, when we are that way bound,
We are allow'd to take a little round;
But England, honey! is just in our way,
So, dread not either failure or delay.

1ST TRAVELLER.

If you, at this romantic rate run on,
Your reas'ning faculties will soon be gone,
And England's asses, then will have to bray,
At what we, in defence, might have to say:
So let us now to moderation turn
And not contaminate this silent burn,
With such base lies, and pois'nous frothy matter,
As into Thames, from maniac mouths doth clatter.

That you should angry be, is nothing strange;
But let not rage your sober thoughts derange;
We all have cause enough to fret and frown,
And on the maniacs, call perdition down;
But we have now, some other work to do,
Their diabolic measures to eschew.

Strange, ministers! determine not to see,
Who are the veriest slaves! and who most free!
Look now, at England's, Ireland's, Scotland's poor—
On millions! in misery at their door—
Would they, to these, their rights and freedom give!
England! in all her glory, still might live:

But no! her maniacs all seem to resolve,
All ties 'twixt her and people, shall dissolve;
And those are dwindling fast to nothing,
Despite of their obduracy and puffing.

They strive to gull the people by deceit,
Thinking thereby their sense of wrongs to cheat,
By showing false humanity to slaves!
Living five thousand miles beyond their waves;
Who neither want nor wish pretended care,
From those who tyrannize but every where!
This flimsey veil o'er cruelties at home,
Will stand in little stead in times to come,
When it shall from their frontlets fall away,
And their deceit and cruelty! display.

If proof of English cruelties are wish'd,
Are they not from a Coffin to be fish'd?
And, if 'tis wish'd still farther yet to go,
Will not the military martyr show
Cruelties! in Western India never known;
Though every lash to all the world were shown?
Who are the poor? and who are the oppress'd?
Are they not those of little property possess'd?
By whose hard labour, and whose scanty means,
Old England's lords! loll in luxurious dreams.
Did not the soldier bleed for them in war,
And seamen suffer hardships de La Mar—
Did not all their mechanics hardly toil,
While millions more, labour the crusty soil,

And live in crying penury and want;
Would not their lordship's means be very scant?
I guess they would, as Jonathan would say—
And, want of them, an end to all display!
Why then should maniacs, who all live by other,
About our mode of life, make such a pother?
Has ever country yet existed without poor!
Or less than beg, before an English door,
Occasion'd by th' oppressions of the rich,
By whom they oft are hurl'd into a ditch?
'Tis not so here; mis'ry you never see
But solely, amongst those, born or set free!
Less ill, O Angles! by your slaves we do,
Than maniacal placemen, do by you.
Ten hours, save crop, we get per day from slaves,
While each of you, not less than *eighteen* braves;
Nor will a slave as much hard labour do,
In six whole days, as Englishmen in two—
Thus may you say—"Our lives are those of slaves,
"While those, so call'd, are free! beyond the waves;"
Nor would they change with you "a lab'rer's strife,"
For all your pleasures, and your dreams of life—
And this, without a most atrocious lie,
No minion of the maniacs, can deny!

What will the maniacs think when they shall see,
And know, the Haytien tribes, whom they call free,
Have loud, the Bourbon dynasty implor'd,
To be, to their old state of life! restor'd?

We know they'll say, that no such thing has been;
But we believe what we have heard and seen;
And though in England it may be denied,
The traverser's objections are defied.
True symptom, that, of th' sort of freedom they
Have had, since their old masters went away—
Jamaica slaves, may be defin'd more free—
Than those, who, boasted Haytien freemen be;
Where, though called free, if they should disobey
The orders of their tyrant's savage sway,
They're sabred in a moment, and cut down!
Or, instant shot! beneath that tyrant's frown.

Is this the freedom! Englishmen would give,
The Ethiop race, who in our islands live!
Wnether this state—or, to live as they are,
Be best? I leave the maniacs to declare.

These, notwithstanding, care not what is best—
'Tis only, that their tortur'd souls can never rest,
While others seem in their own stations bless'd—
They fain would have the world to think like them;
If not, the human race they would condemn,
Were they but strong enough; and soon destroy
All those who other sentiments enjoy.
Uncharitable wretches! Jesu! ne'er did so;
He could all human waywardness forego—
Persuade, admonish, tenderly advise!
But never taught man against man to rise,

As they have done; and blood and horror spread,
O'er regions, now encumber'd with their dead!

What must these *saints* have felt! when first they knew
The slaughter of a number of their crew,
Who, for rebellion! instigate by them,
In Demerara, Justice did condemn!

What will they feel! when they again shall hear,
That many others, in our hapless isle,
Excited by their miscreant minions here,
Have pass'd thro' death's last drear and dread defile;
Perhaps to give account, why they conspir'd
Against so many lives! and would have fir'd
Whole regions! 'cause the *saints* had so desir'd!
Are these not murd'rers! in the first degree!
And can they from avenging justice! flee?

What will they think! when they again shall know
The direful end, and the heart-rending woe,
That many more, for their foul deeds must feel,
By strangling cords, or the avenging steel!

But, gracious heaven! the world has much to dread,
They will not cease, till thousands more have bled!
Unless our generous monarch interpose
His power! to crush the rancor of our foes—
For each possesses such a fiend-like soul,
No gentle means, their baseness can controul,

And they would rather wade through scenes of blood,
Than have one tittle of their will withstood.

If England still wishes our slaves all free,
In spite of her own fate and destiny!
In justice! *pay* us, for our property!
Not pillage us of what is justly ours;
And let us seek for more congenial shores
Where we may rest from maniacal sway,
And England's ideots, free and far away.
Then, let fair Freedom! *there* begin to be,
Where jails and treadmills threat, but poverty!
For well we know, in spite of such a fuss,
She dwells not *there*, more truly than with us;
And when, on a firm basis, she stands there,
Then, let her sons try plant it every where.
But, while a tyranny reigns in her bosom,
It cannot elsewhere rightly bud or blossom.
It should not, maniac-like, be sent abroad,
To gender ruin, desolation, fraud—
Time! should engender it, to make it worth;
Nor should it have a forc'd, but gradual birth;
For, no one birth, unripe or premature,
The rugged road to age, can e'er indure.
Here, even, time! would better bring about
The boon for which they make so great a rout;
But, if 'tis forc'd, as dang'rous it may be,
Here, as revolt! to England's destiny.

The Gods! forbid, we, freedom should deny
To one, to whom they gave such destiny;

But Heaven! 'tis certain, never yet decreed
That even slaves, unjustly! should be freed.
If such a measure tends to public good,
Its ills should, by that public, be withstood;
Nor should an individual ever feel
An ill, occasion'd for the public weal.
Then, let the public the just value pay
Of lands! and slaves! and we will go away!
And, somewhere, seek a place of future rest;
Since we *must*, of our home, be dispossess'd
So may old England, if allied to fame,
Our slaves set free, and do away her shame!

If Wilberforce and Buxton, and their friends
Think their eternal happiness! depends
On the emancipation of our slaves!
Why don't they send their value o'er the waves?
We won't object to sell, if they will buy,
We never did; so therefore they should try
To do in honour, their pretence at heart,
And no more act an hypocritic part;
But, sell their houses, palaces, and land—
Devote the every thing they can command!
And with the fund make ev'ry blackie free,
That all the world their charity may see;
Then, men and angels will applaud the deed,
And they, from the term hypocrite! be freed;
But, if our property they tear away,
West Indians ought their very skins to flay!

3D TRAVELLER.

You justly say—"Heaven! never has decreed
"That, even slaves, unjustly! should be freed"—
No! hell alone, could prompt so d—d a deed.
Who, but infernal spirits, could instil
Into the maniacal mind, or will,
The fell desire to rob, and to destroy
The ev'ry good a people can enjoy?
Do not these wretches, heaven's vengeance! fear,
All that is precious, and most dear! to tear
From a whole people! as a sacrifice
To vanity! and glut their avarice?—
Or, don't they insult the great King of Heaven!
In offering this unjust, unholy! leaven,
The property of others to atone
For heinous crimes *they* do, and oft have done?

Do they not fear, when they their off'ring make
Of portions of the property they take
From unoffending people! to high heaven!
That they to hell shall instantly be driven;
Like Annanias! when his sordid heart,
Of what he sold, offer'd up but a part?—
Nay! fear their offspring! as unworthy deem'd,
By heaven! may never be esteem'd?

Would thus a minister, not madman, dare
The very essence of a nation's strength, to tear
From her exhausted people, and pretend
Such madness would her situation mend?

Oh! fatal hoax, too evident to see,
By all, but who, thus madly blind *will* be!
But England must stride on towards the end,
To which sheer ignorance and folly tend;
And, hey! she goes, help'd on by *all* they do,
Who are not to themselves nor country true.

GENIE.

Now, Bos! the promise which I made to thee,
Has mostly been perform'd, and faithfully—
And, since some of the causes of thy dream
Are now explain'd, I re-ascend the stream.
Thence, I will soon return, and with me bring
Th' effects! of all the causes which I sing,
Collected from among decrees of fate!
The consequence of a proud nation's hate.

MINSTREL.

The Genie ended thus the conversation,
Collected in the Traveller's transmigration,
And swift return'd to seek the sylvan bower,
Where many a Sylph enjoys the fleeting hour,
Free as the wind—rejoicing in the love,
Of all beneath, around them, and above.

THE MANIACS.

No. 11.

MINSTREL.

THE dark clouds lower, the lightnings fly
Along the concave of the sky;
And loud the bursting thunders roar,
Descending on our sun-burnt shore—
Lo! how the rains in floods descend,
And winds, their raging, this way bend,
Bearing the Genie! on their wings,
Who, news of direful import brings;
Else, sure, she would not ride the ruthless storm;
Nor her fair visage, with a cloud deform.
Rob'd in, by darkling clouds, she bends her way,
Which, as they near us, dim the morning ray;
While Bos! reluctant goes to meet a frown,
That, by the Genie! never yet was shown:
Still, he, to conscious wrong, quite uninured,
Half diffidently went, and half assured;
Until he met her, near the oozy plain,
And then commenc'd the converse, once again.

Bos.

O, Genie! who so often hast come here,
Unarm'd with threat'nings—I devoid of fear—
Why com'st thou now, as though in fury sent,
Riding on storms! with bow and arrow bent,
Which flash their lightnings through the gloomy sky,
As though by them we were condemn'd to die?

Genie.

I come! sent as a favour by the Gods
Who rule the sources of surrounding floods,
To shew thee, now, the consequences dread,
Of causes which already have been said!
And when we come the harbingers of woe,
Storms rend the sky, and lightnings dart below;
And all our actions and our mien betray
The rage the fates are ready to display;
And mark the mis'ries that will soon assail
The madmen! who right reason's lessons fail;
And who, although they may perceive the wrong,
Persist in mischief, and mislead the throng.

We, in our former converse, have explored
The causes of the mighty ills long stored
For England, by the maniacal crew
Who still her ruin wickedly pursue.
If thou look'st back into the treasur'd store
Of what was freely canvass'd heretofore,
The ev'ry cause of direful ills to come
Will leave no doubt of her, and their fell doom;

Unless she measure back the wayward course
That ruin and destruction must enforce ;
Not on West Indian relatives alone,
But on all those who may surround the throne—
But this, unlikely is ; for those born blind,
A cure for their misfortune ne'er can find ;
So these, enthusiastic born and bred,
Will in wild theoretic footsteps tread,
Unmindful of the precipice that lies
Wide-gaping, near to their distorted eyes ;
In which, unheeding, they will shortly fall,
Enthusiasts, saints, the led and leaders all !
Fit fate for fools and maniacs, who despise
The cautions of the practic'd, and the wise.

Bos.

Genie ! from what you say, it would appear,
England ! has full as much as us, to fear—
That from the frantic schemes, which threat our fall,
She works her own provincicated thrall ;
Which once again might make her children groan,
And, to the waves, address their grievous moan.

Genie.

And worse ! for *her* sad malady, no cure
Is likely, many ages to endure :
And why ? because for *you*, a chance remains
To save your sculls, if ye preserve your brains.
Some friendly power, may still, perhaps, protect
Those injur'd sons, whom English fools neglect ;

But those, these addle-headed fellows had,
Have all evaporated, or gone mad;
For none the methodistic cant would follow,
Whose skulls were neither crack'd, nor mad, nor hollow.
Now, if gone mad, they will run blindly on,
Until they have no ground to stand upon;
And if evaporate, then they are fools,
Despising reason's and example's rules!
In either case, old England still must find,
The direful end for you they had design'd.

Bos.

But now suppose these fellows are not mad,
But merely rogues, deceptionally clad;
Assuming characters, forsooth, not true—
A saint-like guise, their country to subdue—
Kings, princes, prelates, mighty lords, and all
Under their levelling and bloody thrall!

Genie.

This, surely, would be aggravating evil,
And if found true, should send 'em to the d—l;
But this, not that, friend Bos! will ever do,
For hypocrites! can never be found true;
They ever have some selfish ends in view;
And this, not brought to light in time, and known,
The mighty state! will soon be overthrown;
The which, the sooner threats to come to pass,
Since e'en the nobles join the frantic class;

But, what of them can be expected better,
Since some of them are ideots, a la lettre.

But now's the time we seriously must turn
Towards the dream, thou hadst upon this burn;
And show how far it doth relate,
To what we said on England's fate—
How truly, thee, the Fates inform'd
Of what from trav'llers we have worm'd—
How opportunely comes about,
The lying, frantic, senseless rout,
The methodistic madmen make
To bring high fortunes to the stake—
And lastly, how their freaks may bring
Ruin on England and her king!
That she was mighty! no one will deny;
But how long she may be so! we must try
To find out, from thy dreary dream of Fate,
Combin'd with workings of fanatic hate.

Thou dream'st thou saw'st "Britannia drunk!"
"And goblins dancing round her trunk."*
Now hath not England slept, by far too long?
And lately acted like one mad, or drunk?
Hath she not made internal foes too strong,
For one, into lethargic weakness sunk?
In suff'ring maniacs to gain the rule,
And with her fearful strength, to play the fool?

* See page 21, 6th line from the bottom.

If not, we wrong her, but can't be deceiv'd,
In what is now, by all the world believ'd!

These goblins, are the maniacal sprites
Of those departed, methodistic wights,
Return'd to actuate the minds of those
Their brethren, who, still on the world impose,
By lies, hypocrisy, and base deceit,
Cloth'd in the saint-like garb they counterfeit;
And these, the vampyres! feasting on her blood—
The vultures dire, whose rage can't be withstood,
While she, so senseless, and so lost, remains,
The jest and butt of all surrounding swains.
These know her vitals; and, to feed their train,
They posts of profit every where obtain;
Thrusting themselves where better men should be,
As the reward of honour and integrity!

Her head, once rested near the northern pole;
But now, she can no longer there control.
The sturdy Russ, in garb and mein uncouth,
Bends on towards the soft luxurious south!
While she dreams on, in proud and haughty state,
Without a guardian to watch o'er her fate!

Stretch'd to the west, her dexter arm extends,
But there, her sceptre truly reels and bends!
For while her senate brawl about a whip!
She lets the Indies! through her fingers slip,
Which other nations like a prize would keep,
With such a watchful eye as would not sleep;

Thus the Americans must tear away
These gems, which late bedeck'd her brightest day,
And rais'd her, to an eminence so high,
The world! itself, she could in arms defy.
She dreams not, Almirick's increasing pow'r,
Her high pretensions, and her pride may lower,
And wrest those once much cherish'd isles away,
That now assist her burthens to defray;
But that sad period may some day arrive,
When, to retain them, ye shall vainly strive;
Then shall she rue the present mad career
That genders ruin and destruction drear:
Yet, she sleeps on, in blind voluptuous state,
Without a guardian to watch o'er her fate!

On Greece, one foot, its weight once lightly press'd,
The other rested on the south and west,
Where the Hesperias bărter'd their rich ores
In change for her more necessary stores—
In other words, those countries gave their aid,
And by their commerce were her fortunes stay'd;
But, basely, she abandon'd them of late,
And, like a traitor, left them to their fate;
As though of European powers afraid,
By which she will, herself, be soon betray'd;
Or, into such a situation hurl'd
As must surprize the once admiring world,
By the mad folly, or the murd'rous hate
That drives West-Indian brothers on their fate;

On whom old England will unheeded call,
When fate and fortune have decreed her fall.

Once, truly, her high head in glory beam'd,
And then, a giantess indeed, she seem'd;
But now, she's falling rapidly, to where,
She must irrevocable ruin share—
No patriot true, to guide the mighty state!
No guardian now, a watchman o'er her fate!

Her left hand, still, grasps hard the spicy east,
The most extoll'd; in value much the least;
This, all the maniacal crew contend
Cannot be so—but long before we end
Proofs, strong enough, will here I trust be shown
That, that, to all, but maniac fools is known.

Did not the mighty genius of France,
A wistful eye towards those countries glance?
Had he not hopes, and reason, e'en to hope,
His arms would there embrace so wide a scope,
That Britain then had lost the ticklish prize,
Had he been able, Moscow! firm to seize.
They say, what good possessions do him there?
How would imperial France and Russia share,
The riches of the eastern hemisphere?
And where our navy? where the Genius flown,
That oft had cover'd it with high renown?

Is it not known, the Mediterranean wave
Would ope' a way to every Russian slave

To Eastern India? and, without the need
Of passing England to retard their speed.
Hundreds of leagues to them would thus be saved;
Nor need her navy, or her seas be braved;
For if once masters of th' Herculean towers,
She soon could humble Turkey's wasting powers;
Thus from Bosphorus, choose a ready way
Towards the regions of an earlier day;
And from a dreary, cold, Siberian sky,
To far more genial climes like eagles fly.

And, does not Russia's present despot feel
A strong desire to lay thereon his seal?
And can't he do what Bonaparte had done,
Had he his lucky course much longer run?
Had but Napoleon's army Russians been,
Golconda's mines, they long ere now had seen;
And English tyrants given speedy way
To yield to others, their usurped sway.
But, needless this; the fates! a thing has willed,
And what they have ordain'd, must be fulfilled.

England herself, has taught the native powers
The art to drive usurpers from their shores—
Arms! they have trusted into native hands,
And these will use them to franchise their lands
When they shall be enlighten'd somewhat more
In English tactics, and in learned lore.

Can beings! who are rational, e'er doubt,
That such an end might soon be brought about?

Can England think much longer to coerce,
So many millions! by her pigmy force?
No! none but maniacs would dare
Such handfulls, with such millions to compare,
When once their princes shall their strength combine
With those, who now, in borrow'd armour shine;
And sure, but little trouble would attend
The union of each Indian foe and friend,
Their country from usurpers to set free,
And once more masters of their country be;
For though each Briton should his hundreds slay,
Yet still fresh thousands would prolong the fray
'Till they were extirpated from that earth
Which gave such folly and presumption birth.
By combination of internal force,
Or from some mighty and external source;
Not much unlike, perhaps, Napoleon's scheme,
That, happ'ly for her, vanish'd like a dream;
Such a catastrophe, must there attend
Old England's reign, and bring it to an end.

When this shall be, and 'twill be so, ere long,
Where then the burden of the maniac song?
"The Eastern Indies e'er shall be
"The mine that keeps us great and free."
This mine shall vanish like the evening ray,
That brightly beams, and quickly dies away.

Britannia's throne! should be on ocean seas;
For continental kingdoms bring disease,

And cost, and trouble, to those island sons,
In whose blue veins her ancient current runs—
Her name, with nations, should be "Queen of Isles,"
All which should flourish in paternal smiles;
Especially all those, which, elder born,
Have help'd her struggling empire to adorn,
That they might glory! in her prosp'rous state,
And help avert the threat'ning storms of fate;
For the huge Almirick, to raise his fame,
Might seize, as in thy dream, his share of game;
And wrest from Britain, in some future war,
The regions that subtend the northern star;
Or, these establish into free estates,
The future care of more propitious fates,
Who may protect them from a foreign foe,
And ease them of the fears of threat'ned woe.

As sister colonies to these fair isles,
They sympathize in all their frowns and smiles;
Alike indignant at the parent state,
For her injustice! and the monstrous hate
Her maniacs shew, and threaten to inflict
On those, in no one duty derelict—
Who never gave one reason for her frown,
But always wished her sovereignty to own;
And would so still, if justice! did but sway
The maniac rulers of the present day.

When once pledg'd faith, by governments is broke,
And guarantees to one, are deem'd like smoke!

What pledge have others, that they shall not feel
The sad effects of like infatuate zeal?
Which, to avoid, they may affiance change,
And under other flags their armour range.

When all these things shall come to pass,
Old England's glory fades like sever'd grass—
Then, and not long first, if she keeps her course,
She feels those evils, with decrease of force;
For, as impov'rishment destroys the health,
So, loss of colonies is loss of wealth.

Then, as these latter fall away and fail,
Her trade decreases, and her people wail—
Her boasted revenue shall meet no more
The mad extravagance she shew'd before;
'Till, quite unable any more to meet
The burthen of her army and her fleet,
Her enemies, grown strong by her decay,
Begin to prowl about their destin'd prey—
She, as thou dream'st, arouses—droops her head;
And soon, like Rome, is number'd with the dead;
Her children butcher'd, or like slaves employed—
Her Babylon, all pillaged and destroyed;
And she herself, provincicate again,
By some new mistress of the briny main.

FINIS.

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